Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/versestranslatio00calviala

Rupert P. Colomb 2

Dec 25th 1886.

B. A. Smith

A

VERSES

AND

TRANSLATIONS

VERSES

AND

TRANSLATIONS

PR
4409
C2
V45
1871
SRLF

By C. S. C.

Calverley

TENTH EDITION

Cambridge
DEIGHTON, BELL, AND CO.
LONDON: GEORGE BELL AND SONS
1885

CONTENTS.

	Page
VISIONS	1
GEMINI AND VIRGO	6
"THERE STANDS A CITY"	14
STRIKING	18
VOICES OF THE NIGHT	21
LINES SUGGESTED BY THE 14th OF FEBRUARY ...	24
A, B, C.	26
TO MRS. GOODCHILD	23
ODE—'ON A DISTANT PROSPECT' OF MAKING A FORTUNE	33
ISABEL	37
LINES SUGGESTED BY THE 14TH OF FEBRUARY ...	40
"HIC VIR, HIC EST"	42
BEER	47
ODE TO TOBACCO	55
DOVER TO MUNICH	58
CHARADES	69
PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY	92
TRANSLATIONS:	
LYCIDAS	102
IN MEMORIAM	124
LAURA MATILDA'S DIRGE	128
"LEAVES HAVE THEIR TIME TO FALL"	132
"LET US TURN HITHERWARD OUR BARK" ...	136

	Page
CARMEN SÆCULARE	140
TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE:	
To a Ship	148
To Virgil	150
To The Fountain of Bandusia...	152
Soracte	154
To Leuconöe	156
Juno's Speech	157
To a Faun	162
To Lyce	164
To his Slave	166
TRANSLATIONS:	
From Virgil	167
From Theocritus	169
From Sophocles	171
From Lucretius	174
From Homer	183
"Come Live With Me"	198
"Poor Tree"	202
TRANSLATIONS FROM HYMNS ANCIENT AND MODERN:	
xliv.—Christmas	204
cxxx.—Pentecost	206
cxxxix.	208
cxcvii.	210
ccxx.	212
ccxlii.—Dedication of a Church	213

VISIONS.

"She was a phantom," &c.

IN lone Glenartney's thickets lies couched the
lordly stag,
The dreaming terrier's tail forgets its customary
wag;
And plodding ploughmen's weary steps insensibly
grow quicker,
As broadening casements light them on toward
home, or home-brewed liquor.

It is in brief the evening—that pure and pleasant
time,
When stars break into splendour, and poets into
rhyme;

When in the glass of Memory the forms of loved
ones shine—
And when, of course, Miss Goodchild's is prominent
in mine.

Miss Goodchild!—Julia Goodchild!—how graciously
you smiled
Upon my childish passion once, yourself a fair-haired
child:
When I was (no doubt) profiting by Dr. Crabb's
instruction,
And sent those streaky lollipops home for your
fairy suction!

"She wore" her natural "roses, the night when
first we met"—
Her golden hair was gleaming 'neath the coercive
net:
"Her brow was like the snawdrift," her step was
like Queen Mab's,

And gone was instantly the heart of every boy at
Crabb's.

The parlour-boarder chasséed tow'rds her on graceful
limb;
The onyx deck'd his bosom—but her smiles were
not for him:
With *me* she danced—till drowsily her eyes "began
to blink,"
And *I* brought raisin wine, and said, "Drink, pretty
creature, drink!"

And evermore, when winter comes in his garb of
snows,
And the returning schoolboy is told how fast he
grows;
Shall I—with that soft hand in mine—enact ideal
Lancers,
And dream I hear demure remarks, and make
impassioned answers:—

I know that never, never may her love for me
return—
At night I muse upon the fact with undisguised
concern—
But ever shall I bless that day: I don't bless, as
a rule,
The days I spent at "Dr. Crabb's Preparatory
School."

And yet we too *may* meet again—(Be still, my
throbbing heart!)
Now rolling years have weaned us from jam and
raspberry-tart.
One night I saw a vision—'Twas when musk-roses
bloom,
I stood—*we* stood—upon a rug, in a sumptuous
dining-room:

One hand clasped hers—one easily reposed upon
my hip—

And "Bless ye!" burst abruptly from Mr. Good-
child's lip:

I raised my brimming eye, and saw in hers an
answering gleam—

My heart beat wildly—and I woke, and lo! it was
a dream.

GEMINI AND VIRGO.

SOME vast amount of years ago,
Ere all my youth had vanish'd from me,
A boy it was my lot to know,
Whom his familiar friends called Tommy.

I love to gaze upon a child;
A young bud bursting into blossom;
Artless, as Eve yet unbeguiled,
And agile as a young opossum:

And such was he. A calm-brow'd lad,
Yet mad, at moments, as a hatter:
Why hatters as a race are mad
I never knew, nor does it matter.

He was what nurses call a "limb";
One of those small misguided creatures,
Who, tho' their intellects are dim,
Are one too many for their teachers:

And, if you asked of him to say
What twice 10 was, or 3 times 7,
He'd glance (in quite a placid way)
From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;

And smile, and look politely round,
To catch a casual suggestion;
But make no effort to propound
Any solution of the question.

And so not much esteemed was he
Of the authorities: and therefore
He fraternized by chance with me,
Needing a somebody to care for:

And three fair summers did we twain
Live (as they say) and love together;
And bore by turns the wholesome cane
Till our young skins became as leather:

And carved our names on every desk,
And tore our clothes, and inked our collars;
And looked unique and picturesque,
But not, it may be, model scholars.

We did much as we chose to do;
We'd never heard of Mrs. Grundy;
All the theology we knew
Was that we mightn't play on Sunday;

And all the general truths, that cakes
Were to be bought at four a penny,
And that excruciating aches
Resulted if we ate too many:

And seeing ignorance is bliss,
  And wisdom consequently folly,
The obvious result is this—
  That our two lives were very jolly.

At last the separation came.
  Real love, at that time, was the fashion;
And by a horrid chance, the same
  Young thing was, to us both, a passion.

Old Poser snorted like a horse:
  His feet were large, his hands were pimply,
His manner, when excited, coarse:—
  But Miss P. was an angel simply.

She was a blushing gushing thing;
  All—more than all—my fancy painted;
Once—when she helped me to a wing
  Of goose—I thought I should have fainted.

The people said that she was blue:
But I was green, and loved her dearly.
She was approaching thirty-two;
And I was then eleven, nearly.

I did not love as others do;
(None ever did that I've heard tell of;)
My passion was a byword through
The town she was, of course, the belle of:

Oh sweet—as to the toilworn man
The far-off sound of rippling river;
As to cadets in Hindostan
The fleeting remnant of their liver—

To me was ANNA; dear as gold
That fills the miser's sunless coffers;
As to the spinster, growing old,
The thought—the dream—that she had offers.

I'd sent her little gifts of fruit;
I'd written lines to her as Venus;
I'd sworn unflinchingly to shoot
The man who dared to come between us:

And it was you, my Thomas, you,
The friend in whom my soul confided,
Who dared to gaze on her—to do,
I may say, much the same as I did.

One night, I *saw* him squeeze her hand;
There was no doubt about the matter;
I said he must resign, or stand
My vengeance—and he chose the latter.

We met, we 'planted' blows on blows:
We fought as long as we were able:
My rival had a bottle-nose,
And both my speaking eyes were sable,

When the school-bell cut short our strife.
Miss P. gave both of us a plaister;
And in a week became the wife
Of Horace Nibbs, the writing-master.

* * * * *

I loved her then—I'd love her still,
Only one must not love Another's:
But thou and I, my Tommy, will,
When we again meet, meet as brothers.

It may be that in age one seeks
Peace only: that the blood is brisker
In boys' veins, than in theirs whose cheeks
Are partially obscured by whisker;

Or that the growing ages steal
The memories of past wrongs from us.
But this is certain—that I feel
Most friendly unto thee, oh Thomas!

And whereso'er we meet again,
  On this or that side the equator,
If I've not turned teetotaller then,
  And have wherewith to pay the waiter,

To thee I'll drain the modest cup,
  Ignite with thee the mild Havannah;
And we will waft, while liquoring up,
  Forgiveness to the heartless ANNA.

"There stands a city."

INGOLDSBY.

YEAR by year do Beauty's daughters,
In the sweetest gloves and shawls,
Troop to taste the Chattenham waters,
And adorn the Chattenham balls.

'*Nulla non donanda lauru,*'
Is that city: you could not,
Placing England's map before you,
Light on a more favour'd spot.

If no clear translucent river
Winds 'neath willow-shaded paths,
"Children and adults" may shiver
All day in "Chalybeate baths":

And on every side the painter
Looks on wooded vale and plain
And on fair hills, faint and fainter
Outlined as they near the main.

There I met with him, my chosen
Friend—the 'long' but not 'stern swell'*
Faultless in his hats and hosen,
Whom the Johnian lawns know well:—

Oh my comrade, ever valued!
Still I see your festive face;
Hear you humming of "the gal you'd
Left behind" in massive bass:

See you sit with that composure
On the eeliest of hacks,
That the novice would suppose your
Manly limbs encased in wax:

* "The kites know well the long stern swell
That bids the Romans close."—MACAULAY.

Or anon, when evening lent her
Tranquil light to hill and vale,
Urge, towards the table's centre,
With unerring hand, the squail.

Ah delectablest of summers!
How my heart—that "muffled drum"
Which ignores the aid of drummers—
Beats, as back thy memories come!

O among the dancers peerless,
Fleet of foot, and soft of eye!
Need I say to you that cheerless
Must my days be till I die?

At my side she mashed the fragrant
Strawberry; lashes soft as silk
Drooped o'er saddened eyes, when vagrant
Gnats sought watery graves in milk:

Then we danced, we walked together;
Talked—no doubt on trivial topics;
Such as Blondin, or the weather,
Which "recalled us to the tropics."

But—O in the deuxtemps peerless,
Fleet of foot, and soft of eye!—
Once more I repeat, that cheerless
Shall my days be till I die.

And the lean and hungry raven,
As he picks my bones, will start
To observe 'M. N.' engraven
Neatly on my blighted heart.

STRIKING.

IT was a railway passenger,
And he lept out jauntilie.
"Now up and bear, thou stout portèr,
My two chattèls to me.

"Bring hither, bring hither my bag so red,
And portmanteau so brown:
(They lie in the van, for a trusty man
He labelled them London town:)

"And fetch me eke a cabman bold,
That I may be his fare, his fare;
And he shall have a good shilling,
If by two of the clock he do me bring
To the Terminus, Euston Square."

"Now,—so to thee the saints alway,
Good gentlemen, give luck,—
As never a cab may I find this day,
For the cabman wights have struck:
And now, I wis, at the Red Post Inn,
Or else at the Dog and Duck,
Or at Unicorn Blue, or at Green Griffin,
The nut-brown ale and the fine old gin
Right pleasantly they do suck."

"Now rede me aright, thou stout portèr,
What were it best that I should do:
For woe is me, an' I reach not there
Or ever the clock strike two."

"I have a son, a lytel son;
Fleet is his foot as the wild roebuck's:
Give him a shilling, and eke a brown,
And he shall carry thy fardels down

To Euston, or half over London town,
On one of the station trucks."

Then forth in a hurry did they twain fare,
The gent, and the son of the stout portèr,
Who fled like an arrow, nor turned a hair,
Through all the mire and muck:
"A ticket, a ticket, sir clerk, I pray:
For by two of the clock must I needs away."
"That may hardly be," the clerk did say,
"For indeed—the clocks have struck."

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

"The tender Grace of a day that is dead."

THE dew is on the roses,
The owl hath spread her wing;
And vocal are the noses
Of peasant and of king:
"Nature" in short "reposes";
But I do no such thing.

Pent in my lonesome study
Here I must sit and muse;
Sit till the morn grows ruddy,
Till, rising with the dews,
"Jeameses" remove the muddy
Spots from their masters' shoes.

Yet are sweet faces flinging
Their witchery o'er me here:
I hear sweet voices singing
A song as soft, as clear,
As (previously to stinging)
A gnat sings round one's ear.

Does Grace draw young Apollo's
In blue mustachios still?
Does Emma tell the swallows
How she will pipe and trill,
When, some fine day, she follows
Those birds to the window-sill?

And oh! has Albert faded
From Grace's memory yet?
Albert, whose "brow was shaded
By locks of glossiest jet,"
Whom almost any lady'd
Have given her eyes to get?

Does not her conscience smite her
For one who hourly pines,
Thinking her bright eyes brighter
Than any star that shines—
I mean of course the writer
Of these pathetic lines?

Who knows? As quoth Sir Walter,
"Time rolls his ceaseless course:
"The Grace of yore" may alter—
And then, I've one resource:
I'll invest in a bran-new halter,
And I'll perish without remorse.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE FOURTEENTH OF FEBRUARY.

ERE the morn the East has crimsoned,
When the stars are twinkling there,
(As they did in Watts's Hymns, and
Made him wonder what they were:)
When the forest-nymphs are beading
Fern and flower with silvery dew—
My infallible proceeding
Is to wake, and think of you.

When the hunter's ringing bugle
Sounds farewell to field and copse,
And I sit before my frugal
Meal of gravy-soup and chops:
When (as Gray remarks) "the moping
Owl doth to the moon complain,"

And the hour suggests eloping—
Fly my thoughts to you again.

May my dreams be granted never?
Must I aye endure affliction
Rarely realised, if ever,
In our wildest works of fiction?
Madly Romeo loved his Juliet;
Copperfield began to pine
When he hadn't been to school yet—
But their loves were cold to mine.

Give me hope, the least, the dimmest,
Ere I drain the poisoned cup:
Tell me I may tell the chymist
Not to make that arsenic up!
Else the heart must cease to throb in
This my breast; and when, in tones
Hushed, men ask, "Who killed Cock Robin?"
They'll be told, "Miss Clara J——s."

A, B, C.

A is an Angel of blushing eighteen:

B is the Ball where the Angel was seen:

C is her Chaperon, who cheated at cards:

D is the Deuxtemps, with Frank of the Guards:

E is her Eye, killing slowly but surely:

F is the Fan, whence it peeped so demurely:

G is the Glove of superlative kid:

H is the Hand which it spitefully hid:

I is the Ice which the fair one demanded:

J is the Juvenile, that dainty who handed:

K is the Kerchief, a rare work of art:

L is the Lace which composed the chief part:

M is the old Maid who watch'd the chits dance:

N is the Nose she turned up at each glance:

O is the Olga (just then in its prime):

P is the Partner who wouldn't keep time:

Q 's a Quadrille, put instead of the Lancers:

R the Remonstrances made by the dancers:

S is the Supper, where all went in pairs:

T is the Twaddle they talked on the stairs:

U is the Uncle who "thought we'd be goin':"

V is the Voice which his niece replied 'No' in:

W is the Waiter, who sat up till eight:

X is his Exit, not rigidly straight:

Y is a Yawning fit caused by the Ball:

Z stands for Zero, or nothing at all.

TO MRS. GOODCHILD.

THE night-wind's shriek is pitiless and hollow
The boding bat flits by on sullen wing,
And I sit desolate, like that "one swallow"
Who found (with horror) that he'd not brought spring:
Lonely as he who erst with venturous thumb
Drew from its pie-y lair the solitary plum.

And to my gaze the phantoms of the Past,
The cherished fictions of my boyhood, rise:
I see Red Ridinghood observe, aghast,
The fixed expression of her grandam's eyes;
I hear the fiendish chattering and chuckling
Which those misguided fowls raised at the Ugly Duckling.

The House that Jack built—and the Malt that lay
Within the House—the Rat that ate the Malt—
The Cat, that in that sanguinary way
Punished the poor thing for its venial fault—
The Worrier-Dog—the Cow with crumpled horn—
And then—ah yes! and then—the Maiden all forlorn!

O Mrs. Gurton—(may I call thee Gammer?)
Thou more than mother to my infant mind!
I loved thee better than I loved my grammar—
I used to wonder why the Mice were blind,
And who was gardener to Mistress Mary,
And what—I don't know still—was meant by "quite contrary."

"Tota contraria," an "*Arundo Cami*"
Has phrased it—which is possibly explicit,
Ingenious certainly—but all the same I
Still ask, when coming on the word, 'What is it?'

There were more things in Mrs. Gurton's eye,
Mayhap, than are dreamed of in our philosophy.

No doubt the Editor of 'Notes and Queries'
Or 'Things not generally known' could tell
The word's real force—my only lurking fear is
That the great Gammer "didna ken hersel":
(I've precedent, yet feel I owe apology
For passing in this way to Scottish phraseology).

Also, dear Madam, I must ask your pardon
For making this unwarranted digression,
Starting (I think) from Mistress Mary's garden:—
And beg to send, with every expression
Of personal esteem, a Book of Rhymes,
For Master G. to read at miscellaneous times.

There is a youth, who keeps a 'crumpled Horn,
(Living next me, upon the selfsame story,)
And ever, 'twixt the midnight and the morn,

He solaces his soul with Annie Laurie.
The tune is good; the habit p'raps romantic;
But tending, if pursued, to drive one's neighbours frantic.

And now,—at this unprecedented hour,
When the young Dawn is "trampling out the stars,"—
I hear that youth—with more than usual power
And pathos—struggling with the first few bars.
And I do think the amateur cornopean
Should be put down by law—but that's perhaps Utopian.

Who knows what "things unknown" I might have "bodied
Forth," if not checked by that absurd Too-too?
But don't I know that when my friend has plodded

Through the first verse, the second will ensue?
Considering which, dear Madam, I will merely
Send the beforenamed book—and am yours most
sincerely.

ODE—'ON A DISTANT PROSPECT' OF MAKING A FORTUNE.

NOW the "rosy morn appearing"
Floods with light the dazzled heaven;
And the schoolboy groans on hearing
That eternal clock strike seven:—
Now the waggoner is driving
Tow'rds the fields his clattering wain;
Now the blue-bottle, reviving,
Buzzes down his native pane.

But to me the morn is hateful:
Wearily I stretch my legs,
Dress, and settle to my plateful
Of (perhaps inferior) eggs.
Yesterday Miss Crump, by message,
Mentioned "rent," which "p'raps I'd pay;"

And I have a dismal presage
That she'll call, herself, to-day.

Once, I breakfasted off rosewood,
Smoked through silver-mounted pipes—
Then how my patrician nose would
Turn up at the thought of "swipes!"
Ale,—occasionally claret,—
Graced my luncheon then;—and now
I drink porter in a garret,
To be paid for heaven knows how.

When the evening shades are deepened,
And I doff my hat and gloves,
No sweet bird is there to "cheep and
Twitter twenty million loves;"
No dark-ringleted canaries
Sing to me of "hungry foam;"
No imaginary "Marys"
Call fictitious "cattle home."

Araminta, sweetest, fairest!
Solace once of every ill!
How I wonder if thou bearest
Mivins in remembrance still!
If that Friday night is banished
From a once retentive mind,
When the others somehow vanished,
And we two were left behind:—

When in accents low, yet thrilling,
I did all my love declare;
Mentioned that I'd not a shilling—
Hinted that we need not care:
And complacently you listened
To my somewhat long address,
And I thought the tear that glistened
In the downdropt eye said Yes.

Once, a happy child, I carolled
O'er green lawns the whole day through,

Not unpleasingly apparelled
In a tightish suit of blue:—
What a change has now passed o'er me!
Now with what dismay I see
Every rising morn before me!
Goodness gracious patience me!

And I'll prowl, a moodier Lara,
Thro' the world, as prowls the bat,
And habitually wear a
Cypress wreath around my hat:
And when Death snuffs out the taper
Of my Life, (as soon he must),
I'll send up to every paper,
"Died, T. Mivins; of disgust."

ISABEL.

NOW o'er the landscape crowd the deepening shades,
And the shut lily cradles not the bee;
The red deer couches in the forest glades,
And faint the echoes of the slumberous sea:
And ere I rest, one prayer I'll breathe for thee,
The sweet Egeria of my lonely dreams:
Lady, forgive, that ever upon me
Thoughts of thee linger, as the soft starbeams
Linger on Merlin's rock, or dark Sabrina's streams.

On gray Pilatus once we loved to stray,
And watch far off the glimmering roselight break
O'er the dim mountain-peaks, ere yet one ray
Pierced the deep bosom of the mist-clad lake.

Oh! who felt not new life within him wake,
And his pulse quicken, and his spirit burn—
(Save one we wot of, whom the cold *did* make
Feel "shooting pains in every joint in turn,")
When first he saw the sun gild thy green shores,
Lucerne?

And years have past, and I have gazed once more
On blue lakes glistening amid mountains blue;
And all seemed sadder, lovelier than before—
For all awakened memories of you.
Oh! had I had you by my side, in lieu
Of that red matron, whom the flies would worry,
(Flies in those parts unfortunately do,)
Who walked so slowly, talked in such a hurry,
And with such wild contempt for stops and Lindley
Murray!

O Isabel, the brightest, heavenliest theme
That ere drew dreamer on to poësy,

Since "Peggy's locks" made Burns neglect his
team,
And Stella's smile lured Johnson from his tea—
I may not tell thee what thou art to me!
But ever dwells the soft voice in my ear,
Whispering of what Time is, what Man might be,
Would he but "do the duty that lies near,"
And cut clubs, cards, champagne, balls, billiard-
rooms, and beer.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE FOURTEENTH OF FEBRUARY.

DARKNESS succeeds to twilight:
Through lattice and through skylight
The stars no doubt, if one looked out,
Might be observed to shine:
And sitting by the embers
I elevate my members
On a stray chair, and then and there
Commence a Valentine.

Yea! by St. Valentinus,
Emma shall not be minus
What all young ladies, whate'er their grade is,
Expect to-day no doubt:
Emma the fair, the stately—
Whom I beheld so lately,

Smiling beneath the snow-white wreath
Which told that she was "out."

Wherefore fly to her, swallow,
And mention that I'd "follow,"
And "pipe and trill,' et cetera, till
I died, had I but wings:
Say the North's "true and tender,"
The South an old offender;
And hint in fact, with your well-known tact,
All kinds of pretty things.

Say I grow hourly thinner,
Simply abhor my dinner—
Tho' I do try and absorb some viand
Each day, for form's sake merely:
And ask her, when all's ended,
And I am found extended,
With vest blood-spotted and cut carotid,
To think on Her's sincerely.

"HIC *VIR*, HIC EST."

OFTEN, when o'er tree and turret,
Eve a dying radiance flings,
By that ancient pile I linger
Known familiarly as "King's."
And the ghosts of days departed
Rise, and in my burning breast
All the undergraduate wakens,
And my spirit is at rest.

What, but a revolting fiction,
Seems the actual result
Of the Census's enquiries
Made upon the 15th ult.?
Still my soul is in its boyhood;
Nor of year or changes recks

Though my scalp is almost hairless,
And my figure grows convex.

Backward moves the kindly dial;
And I'm numbered once again
With those noblest of their species
Called emphatically 'Men':
Loaf, as I have loafed aforetime,
Through the streets, with tranquil mind,
And a long-backed fancy-mongrel
Trailing casually behind:

Past the Senate-house I saunter,
Whistling with an easy grace;
Past the cabbage-stalks that carpet
Still the beefy market-place;
Poising evermore the eye-glass
In the light sarcastic eye,
Lest, by chance, some breezy nursemaid
Pass, without a tribute, by.

Once, an unassuming Freshman,
Thro' these wilds I wandered on,
Seeing in each house a College,
Under every cap a Don:
Each perambulating infant
Had a magic in its squall,
For my eager eye detected
Senior Wranglers in them all.

By degrees my education
Grew, and I became as others;
Learned to blunt my moral feelings
By the aid of Bacon Brothers;
Bought me tiny boots of Mortlock,
And colossal prints of Roe;
And ignored the proposition
That both time and money go.

Learned to work the wary dogcart
Artfully thro' King's Parade;

Dress, and steer a boat, and sport with
Amaryllis in the shade:
Struck, at Brown's, the dashing hazard;
Or (more curious sport than that)
Dropped, at Callaby's, the terrier
Down upon the prisoned rat.

I have stood serene on Fenner's
Ground, indifferent to blisters,
While the Buttress of the period
Bowled me his peculiar twisters:
Sung 'We won't go home till morning';
Striven to part my backhair straight;
Drunk (not lavishly) of Miller's
Old dry wines at 78/:—

When within my veins the blood ran,
And the curls were on my brow,
I did, oh ye undergraduates,
Much as ye are doing now.

Wherefore bless ye, O beloved ones:—

Now unto mine inn must I,

Your 'poor moralist,'* betake me,

In my 'solitary fly.'

* "Poor moralist, and what art thou?
A solitary fly."

GRAY.

BEER.

IN those old days which poets say were golden—
(Perhaps they laid the gilding on themselves:
And, if they did, I'm all the more beholden
To those brown dwellers in my dusty shelves,
Who talk to me "in language quaint and olden"
Of gods and demigods and fauns and elves,
Pan with his pipes, and Bacchus with his leopards,
And staid young goddesses who flirt with shepherds:)

In those old days, the Nymph called Etiquette
(Appalling thought to dwell on) was not born.
They had their May, but no Mayfair as yet,
No fashions varying as the hues of morn.

Just as they pleased they dressed and drank and ate
Sang hymns to Ceres (their John Barleycorn)
And danced unchaperoned, and laughed unchecked.
And were no doubt extremely incorrect.

Yet do I think their theory was pleasant:
And oft, I own, my 'wayward fancy roams'
Back to those times, so different from the present;
When no one smoked cigars, nor gave At-homes,
Nor smote a billiard-ball, nor winged a pheasant,
Nor 'did' her hair by means of long-tailed combs,
Nor migrated to Brighton once a year,
Nor—most astonishing of all—drank Beer.

No, they did not drink Beer, "which brings me to"
(As Gilpin said) "the middle of my song."
Not that "the middle" is precisely true,
Or else I should not tax your patience long:
If I had said 'beginning,' it might do;
But I have a dislike to quoting wrong:

I was unlucky—sinned against, not sinning—
When Cowper wrote down 'middle' for 'beginning.'

So to proceed. That abstinence from Malt
Has always struck me as extremely curious.
The Greek mind must have had some vital fault,
That they should stick to liquors so injurious—
(Wine, water, tempered p'raps with Attic salt)—
And not at once invent that mild, luxurious,
And artful beverage, Beer. How the digestion
Got on without it, is a startling question.

Had they digestions? and an actual body
Such as dyspepsia might make attacks on?
Were they abstract ideas—(like Tom Noddy
And Mr. Briggs)—or men, like Jones and Jackson?
Then nectar—was that beer, or whisky-toddy?
Some say the Gaelic mixture, *I* the Saxon:
I think a strict adherence to the latter
Might make some Scots less pigheaded, and fatter.

Besides, Bon Gaultier definitely shews
That the real beverage for feasting gods on
Is a soft compound, grateful to the nose
And also to the palate, known as 'Hodgson.'
I know a man—a tailor's son—who rose
To be a peer: and this I would lay odds on,
(Though in his Memoirs it may not appear,)
That that man owed his rise to copious Beer.

O Beer! O Hodgson, Guinness, Allsop, Bass!
Names that should be on every infant's tongue!
Shall days and months and years and centuries pass,
And still your merits be unrecked, unsung?
Oh! I have gazed into my foaming glass,
And wished that lyre could yet again be strung
Which once rang prophet-like through Greece, and taught her
Misguided sons that the best drink was water.

How would he now recant that wild opinion,
And sing—as would that I could sing—of you!
I was not born (alas!) the "Muses' minion,"
I'm not poetical, not even blue:
And he, we know, but strives with waxen pinion,
Whoe'er he is that entertains the view
Of emulating Pindar, and will be
Sponsor at last to some now nameless sea.

Oh! when the green slopes of Arcadia burned
With all the lustre of the dying day,
And on Cithæron's brow the reaper turned,
(Humming, of course, in his delightful way,
How Lycidas was dead, and how concerned
The Nymphs were when they saw his lifeless clay;
And how rock told to rock the dreadful story
That poor young Lycidas was gone to glory:)

What would that lone and labouring soul have given,
At that soft moment for a pewter pot!
How had the mists that dimmed his eye been riven,
And Lycidas and sorrow all forgot!
If his own grandmother had died unshriven,
In two short seconds he'd have recked it not;
Such power hath Beer. The heart which Grief hath canker'd
Hath one unfailing remedy—the Tankard.

Coffee is good, and so no doubt is cocoa;
Tea did for Johnson and the Chinamen:
When 'Dulce est desipere in loco'
Was written, real Falernian winged the pen.
When a rapt audience has encored 'Fra Poco'
Or 'Casta Diva,' I have heard that then
The Prima Donna, smiling herself out,
Recruits her flagging powers with bottled stout.

But what is coffee, but a noxious berry,
Born to keep used-up Londoners awake?
What is Falernian, what is Port or Sherry,
But vile concoctions to make dull heads ache?
Nay stout itself—(though good with oysters, very)—
Is not a thing your reading man should take.
He that would shine, and petrify his tutor,
Should drink draught Allsop in its "native pewter."

But hark! a sound is stealing on my ear—
A soft and silvery sound—I know it well.
Its tinkling tells me that a time is near
Precious to me—it is the Dinner Bell.
O blessed Bell! Thou bringest beef and beer,
Thou bringest good things more than tongue may tell:
Seared is, of course, my heart—but unsubdued
Is, and shall be, my appetite for food.

I go. Untaught and feeble is my pen:
But on one statement I may safely venture:
That few of our most highly gifted men
Have more appreciation of the trencher.
I go. One pound of British beef, and then
What Mr. Swiveller called a "modest quencher";
That home-returning, I may 'soothly say,'
"Fate cannot touch me: I have dined to-day."

ODE TO TOBACCO.

THOU who, when fears attack,
Bidst them avaunt, and Black
Care, at the horseman's back
Perching, unseatest;
Sweet when the morn is gray;
Sweet, when they've cleared away
Lunch; and at close of day
Possibly sweetest:

I have a liking old
For thee, though manifold
Stories, I know, are told,
Not to thy credit;

How one (or two at most)
Drops make a cat a ghost—
Useless, except to roast—
Doctors have said it :

How they who use fusees
All grow by slow degrees
Brainless as chimpanzees,
Meagre as lizards;
Go mad, and beat their wives;
Plunge (after shocking lives)
Razors and carving knives
Into their gizzards.

Confound such knavish tricks!
Yet know I five or six
Smokers who freely mix
Still with their neighbours;
Jones—(who, I'm glad to say,

Asked leave of Mrs. J.—)
Daily absorbs a clay
After his labours.

Cats may have had their goose
Cooked by tobacco-juice;
Still why deny its use
Thoughtfully taken?
We're not as tabbies are:
Smith, take a fresh cigar!
Jones, the tobacco-jar!
Here's to thee, Bacon!

DOVER TO MUNICH.

FAREWELL, farewell! Before our prow
Leaps in white foam the noisy channel;
A tourist's cap is on my brow,
My legs are cased in tourist's flannel:

Around me gasp the invalids—
The quantity to-night is fearful—
I take a brace or so of weeds,
And feel (as yet) extremely cheerful.

The night wears on:—my thirst I quench
With one imperial pint of porter;
Then drop upon a casual bench—
(The bench is short, but I am shorter)—

Place 'neath my head the *havre-sac*
Which I have stowed my little all in,
And sleep, though moist about the back,
Serenely in an old tarpaulin.

Bed at Ostend at 5 A.M.
Breakfast at 6, and train 6·30,
Tickets to Königswinter (mem.
The seats unutterably dirty).

And onward thro' those dreary flats
We move, with scanty space to sit on,
Flanked by stout girls with steeple hats,
And waists that paralyse a Briton;—

By many a tidy little town,
Where tidy little Fraus sit knitting;
(The men's pursuits are, lying down,
Smoking perennial pipes, and spitting;)

And doze, and execrate the heat,
  And wonder how far off Cologne is,
And if we shall get aught to eat,
  Till we get there, save raw polonies:

Until at last the "gray old pile"
  Is seen, is past, and three hours later
We're ordering steaks, and talking vile
  Mock-German to an Austrian waiter.

Königswinter, hateful Königswinter!
  Burying-place of all I loved so well!
Never did the most extensive printer
  Print a tale so dark as thou could'st tell!

In the sapphire West the eve yet lingered,
  Bathed in kindly light those hill-tops cold;
Fringed each cloud, and, stooping rosy-fingered,
  Changed Rhine's waters into molten gold;—

While still nearer did his light waves splinter
Into silvery shafts the streaming light;
And I said I loved thee, Königswinter,
For the glory that was thine that night.

And we gazed, till slowly disappearing,
Like a day-dream, passed the pageant by,
And I saw but those lone hills, uprearing
Dull dark shapes against a hueless sky.

Then I turned, and on those bright hopes pondered
Whereof yon gay fancies were the type;
And my hand mechanically wandered
Towards my left-hand pocket for a pipe.

Ah! why starts each eyeball from its socket,
As, in Hamlet, start the guilty Queen's?
There, deep-hid in its accustomed pocket,
Lay my sole pipe, smashed to smithereens!

On, on the vessel steals;
Round go the paddle-wheels,
And now the tourist feels
As he should;
For king-like rolls the Rhine,
And the scenery's divine,
And the victuals and the wine
Rather good.

From every crag we pass'll
Rise up some hoar old castle;
The hanging fir-groves tassel
Every slope;
And the vine her lithe arms stretches
Over peasants singing catches—
And you'll make no end of sketches,
I should hope.

We've a nun here (called Therèse),
Two couriers out of place,
One Yankee with a face
Like a ferret's:
And three youths in scarlet caps
Drinking chocolate and schnapps—
A diet which perhaps
Has its merits.

And day again declines:
In shadow sleep the vines,
And the last ray thro' the pines
Feebly glows,
Then sinks behind yon ridge;
And the usual evening midge
Is settling on the bridge
Of my nose.

And keen's the air and cold,
And the sheep are in the fold,
And Night walks sable-stoled
Thro' the trees;
And on the silent river
The floating starbeams quiver;—
And now, the saints deliver
Us from fleas.

Avenues of broad white houses,
Basking in the noontide glare;—
Streets, which foot of traveller shrinks from,
As on hot plates shrinks the bear;—

Elsewhere lawns, and vista'd gardens,
Statues white, and cool arcades,
Where at eve the German warrior
Winks upon the German maids;—

Such is Munich:—broad and stately,
Rich of hue, and fair of form;
But, towards the end of August,
Unequivocally *warm*.

There, the long dim galleries threading,
May the artist's eye behold
Breathing from the "deathless canvass"
Records of the years of old:

Pallas there, and Jove, and Juno,
"Take" once more their "walks abroad,"
Under Titian's fiery woodlands
And the saffron skies of Claude:

There the Amazons of Rubens
Lift the failing arm to strike,
And the pale light falls in masses
On the horsemen of Vandyke;

And in Berghem's pools reflected
Hang the cattle's graceful shapes,
And Murillo's soft boy-faces
Laugh amid the Seville grapes;

And all purest, loveliest fancies
That in poets' souls may dwell
Started into shape and substance
At the touch of Raphael.

Lo! her wan arms folded meekly,
And the glory of her hair
Falling as a robe around her,
Kneels the Magdalen in prayer;

And the white-robed Virgin-mother
Smiles, as centuries back she smiled,
Half in gladness, half in wonder,
On the calm face of her Child:—

And that mighty Judgment-vision
  Tells how man essayed to climb
Up the ladder of the ages,
  Past the frontier-walls of Time;

Heard the trumpet-echoes rolling
  Thro' the phantom-peopled sky,
And the still voice bid this mortal
  Put on immortality.

* * * *

Thence we turned, what time the blackbird
  Pipes to vespers from his perch,
And from out the clattering city
  Pass'd into the silent church;

Mark'd the shower of sunlight breaking
  Thro' the crimson panes o'erhead,
And on pictured wall and window
  Read the histories of the dead:

Till the kneelers round us, rising,
Crossed their foreheads and were gone;
And o'er aisle and arch and cornice,
Layer on layer, the night came on.

CHARADES.

I.

SHE stood at Greenwich, motionless amid
The ever-shifting crowd of passengers.
I mark'd a big tear quivering on the lid
Of her deep-lustrous eye, and knew that hers
Were days of bitterness. But, "Oh! what stirs"
I said "such storm within so fair a breast?"
Even as I spoke, two apoplectic curs
Came feebly up: with one wild cry she prest
Each singly to her heart, and faltered, "Heaven
be blest!"

Yet once again I saw her, from the deck
Of a black ship that steamed towards Blackwall.

She walked upon *my first*. Her stately neck
Bent o'er an object shrouded in her shawl:
I could not see the tears—the glad tears—fall,
Yet knew they fell. And "Ah," I said, "not puppies,
Seen unexpectedly, could lift the pall
From hearts who *know* what tasting misery's cup is
As Niobe's, or mine, or blighted William Guppy's."

Spake John Grogblossom the coachman to Eliza Spinks the cook:
"Mrs. Spinks," says he, "I've founder'd: 'Liza dear, I'm overtook.
Druv into a corner reglar, puzzled as a babe unborn;
Speak the word, my blessed 'Liza; speak, and John the coachman's yourn."

Then Eliza Spinks made answer, blushing, to the coachman John:

"John, I'm born and bred a spinster: I've begun
and I'll go on.
Endless cares and endless worrits, well I knows it,
has a wife:
Cooking for a genteel family, John, it's a goluptious
life!

"I gets £20 per annum—tea and things o' course
not reckoned,—
There's a cat that eats the butter, takes the coals,
and breaks *my second:*
There's soci'ty—James the footman;—(not that I
look after him;
But he's aff'ble in his manners, with amazing
length of limb;)—

"Never durst the missis enter here until I've said
'Come in':
If I saw the master peeping, I'd catch up the
rolling-pin.

Christmas-boxes, that's a something; perkisites,
that's something too;
And I think, take all together, John, I won't be on
with you."

John the coachman took his hat up, for he thought
he'd had enough;
Rubb'd an elongated forehead with a meditative
cuff;
Paused before the stable doorway; said, when there,
in accents mild,
"She's a fine young 'oman, cook is; but that's
where it is, she's spiled."

I have read in some not marvellous tale,
(Or if I have not, I've dreamed)
Of one who filled up the convivial cup
Till the company round him seemed

To be vanished and gone, tho' the lamps upon
Their face as aforetime gleamed:
And his head sunk down, and a Lethe crept
O'er his powerful brain, and the young man slept.

Then they laid him with care in his moonlit bed:
But first—having thoughtfully fetched some tar—
Adorn'd him with feathers, aware that the weather's
Uncertainty brings on at nights catarrh.

They staid in his room till the sun was high:
But still did the feathered one give no sign
Of opening a peeper—he might be a sleeper
Such as rests on the Northern or Midland line.

At last he woke, and with profound
Bewilderment he gazed around;
Dropped one, then both feet to the ground,
But never spake a word:

Then to *my whole* he made his way;
Took one long lingering survey;
And softly, as he stole away,
Remarked, "By Jove, a bird!"

II.

IF you 've seen a short man swagger tow'rds the
footlights at Shoreditch,
Sing out "Heave aho! my hearties," and perpetually
hitch
Up, by an ingenious movement, trousers innocent
of brace,
Briskly flourishing a cudgel in his pleased com-
panion's face;

If he preluded with hornpipes each successive thing
he did,
From a sun-browned cheek extracting still an os-
tentatious quid;
And expectorated freely, and occasionally cursed:—

Then have you beheld, depicted by a master's hand,
my first.

O my countryman! if ever from thy arm the bolster sped,
In thy school-days, with precision at a young companion's head;
If 'twas thine to lodge the marble in the centre of the ring,
Or with well-directed pebble make the sitting hen take wing:

Then do thou—each fair May morning, when the blue lake is as glass,
And the gossamers are twinkling star-like in the beaded grass;
When the mountain-bee is sipping fragrance from the bluebell's lip,
And the bathing-woman tells you, Now 's your time to take a dip:

When along the misty valleys fieldward winds the
lowing herd,
And the early worm is being dropped on by the
early bird;
And Aurora hangs her jewels from the bending
rose's cup,
And the myriad voice of Nature calls thee to *my*
second up:—

Hie thee to the breezy common, where the melan-
choly goose
Stalks, and the astonished donkey finds that he is
really loose;
There amid green fern and furze-bush shalt thou
soon *my whole* behold,
Rising 'bull-eyed and majestic'—as Olympus' queen
of old:

Kneel,—at a respectful distance,—as they kneeled
to her, and try

With judicious hand to put a ball into that ball-less
eye:
Till a stiffness seize thy elbows, and the general
public wake—
Then return, and, clear of conscience, walk into thy
well-earned steak.

III.

ERE yet "knowledge for the million"
Came out "neatly bound in boards";
When like Care upon a pillion
Matrons rode behind their lords:
Rarely, save to hear the Rector,
Forth did younger ladies roam;
Making pies, and brewing nectar
From the gooseberry-trees at home.

They'd not dreamed of Pau or Vevay;
Ne'er should into blossom burst
At the ball or at the levée;
Never come, in fact, *my first:*
Nor illumine cards by dozens
With some labyrinthine text,
Nor work smoking-caps for cousins
Who were pounding at *my next.*

Now have skirts, and minds, grown ampler;
Now not all they seek to do
Is create upon a sampler
Beasts which Buffon never knew:
But their venturous muslins rustle
O'er the cragstone and the snow,
Or at home their biceps muscle
Grows by practising the bow.

Worthy they those dames who, fable
Says, rode "palfreys" to the war
With some giant Thane, whose "sable
Destrier caracoled" before;
Smiled, as—springing from the war-horse
As men spring in modern 'cirques'—
He plunged, ponderous as a four-horse
Coach, among the vanished Turks:—

In the good times when the jester
Asked the monarch how he was,

And the landlady addrest her
  Guests as 'gossip' or as 'coz';
When the Templar said, "Gramercy,"
  Or, "'Twas shrewdly thrust, i' fegs,"
To Sir Halbert or Sir Percy
  As they knocked him off his legs:

And, by way of mild reminders
  That he needed coin, the Knight
Day by day extracted grinders
  From the howling Israelite:
And *my whole* in merry Sherwood
  Sent, with preterhuman luck,
Missiles—not of steel but firwood—
  Thro' the two-mile-distant buck.

IV.

EVENING threw soberer hue
Over the blue sky, and the few
Poplars that grew just in the view
Of the hall of Sir Hugo de Wynkle:
"Answer me true," pleaded Sir Hugh,
(Striving some hardhearted maiden to woo,)
"What shall I do, Lady, for you?
'Twill be done, ere your eye may twinkle.
Shall I borrow the wand of a Moorish enchanter,
And bid a decanter contain the Levant, or
The brass from the face of a Mormonite ranter?
Shall I go for the mule of the Spanish Infantar—
(That *r*, for the sake of the line, we must grant her,)—

And race with the foul fiend, and beat in a canter,
Like that first of equestrians Tam o' Shanter?
I talk not mere banter—say not that I can't, or
By this *my first*—(a Virginia planter
Sold it me to kill rats)—I will die instanter."
The Lady bended her ivory neck, and
Whispered mournfully, "Go for—*my second.*"
She said, and the red from Sir Hugh's cheek fled,
And "Nay," did he say, as he stalked away
The fiercest of injured men:
"Twice have I humbled my haughty soul,
And on bended knee have I pressed *my whole*—
But I never will press it again!"

V.

ON pinnacled St. Mary's
Lingers the setting sun;
Into the streets the blackguards
Are skulking one by one:
Butcher and Boots and Bargeman
Lay pipe and pewter down;
And with wild shout come tumbling out
To join the Town and Gown.

And now the undergraduates
Come forth by twos and threes,
From the broad tower of Trinity,
From the green gate of Caius:
The wily bargeman marks them,
And swears to do his worst;
To turn to impotence their strength,
And their beauty to *my first.*

But before Corpus gateway
My second first arose,
When Barnacles the Freshman
Was pinned upon the nose:
Pinned on the nose by Boxer,
Who brought a hobnailed herd
From Barnwell, where he kept a van,
Being indeed a dogsmeat man,
Vendor of terriers, blue or tan,
And dealer in *my third.*

'Twere long to tell how Boxer
Was 'countered' on the cheek,
And knocked into the middle
Of the ensuing week:
How Barnacles the Freshman
Was asked his name and college;
And how he did the fatal facts
Reluctantly acknowledge.

He called upon the Proctor
Next day at half-past ten;
Men whispered that the Freshman cut
A different figure then:—
That the brass forsook his forehead,
The iron fled his soul,
As with blanched lip and visage wan
Before the stony-hearted Don
He kneeled upon *my whole*.

VI.

SIKES, housebreaker, of Houndsditch,
Habitually swore;
But so surpassingly profane
He never was before,
As on a night in winter,
When—softly as he stole
In the dim light from stair to stair,
Noiseless as boys who in her lair
Seek to surprise a fat old hare—
He barked his shinbone, unaware
Encountering *my whole*.

As pours the Anio plainward,
When rains have swollen the dykes,
So, with such noise, poured down *my first*
Stirred by the shins of Sikes.

The Butler Bibulus heard it;
And straightway ceased to snore,
And sat up, like an egg on end,
While men might count a score:
Then spake he to Tigerius,
A Buttons bold was he:
"Buttons, I think there's thieves about;
Just strike a light and tumble out;
If you can't find one go without,
And see what you may see."

But now was all the household,
Almost, upon its legs,
Each treading carefully about
As if they trod on eggs.
With robe far-streaming issued
Paterfamilias forth;
And close behind him,—stout and true
And tender as the North,—

Came Mrs. P., supporting
On her broad arm her fourth.

Betsy the nurse, who never
From largest beetle ran,
And—conscious p'raps of pleasing caps—
The housemaids, formed the van:
And Bibulus the butler,
His calm brows slightly arched;
(No mortal wight had ere that night
Seen him with shirt unstarched;)
And Bob the shockhaired knifeboy,
Wielding two Sheffield blades,
And James Plush of the sinewy legs,
The love of lady's maids:
And charwoman and chaplain
Stood mingled in a mass,
And "Things," thought he of Houndsditch,
"Is come to a pretty pass."

Beyond all things a baby
  Is to the schoolgirl dear;
Next to herself the nursemaid loves
  Her dashing grenadier;
Only with life the sailor
  Parts from the British flag;
While one hope lingers, the cracksman's fingers
  Drop not his hard-earned swag.

But, as hares do *my second*
  Thro' green Calabria's copses,
As females vanish at the sight
  Of short-horns and of wopses;
So, dropping forks and teaspoons,
  The pride of Houndsditch fled,
Dumbfoundered by the hue and cry
He'd raised up overhead.

* * * * *

They gave him—did the judges—
As much as was his due.
And, Saxon, shouldst thou e'er be led
To deem this tale untrue;
Then—any night in winter,
When the cold north wind blows,
And bairns are told to keep out cold
By tallowing the nose:
When round the fire the elders
Are gathered in a bunch,
And the girls are doing crochet,
And the boys are reading Punch:—
Go thou and look in Leech's book;
There haply shalt thou spy
A stout man on a staircase stand,
With aspect anything but bland,
And rub his right shin with his hand,
To witness if I lie.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

Introductory.

ART thou beautiful, O my daughter, as the budding rose of April?

Are all thy motions music, and is poetry throned in thine eye?

Then hearken unto me; and I will make the bud a fair flower,

I will plant it upon the bank of Elegance, and water it with the water of Cologne;

And in the season it shall "come out," yea bloom, the pride of the parterre;

Ladies shall marvel at its beauty, and a Lord shall pluck it at the last.

Of Propriety.

Study first Propriety: for she is indeed the Pole-
star
Which shall guide the artless maiden through the
mazes of Vanity Fair;
Nay, she is the golden chain which holdeth to-
gether Society;
The lamp by whose light young Psyche shall ap-
proach unblamed her Eros.
Verily Truth is as Eve, which was ashamed being
naked;
Wherefore doth Propriety dress her with the fair
foliage of artifice:
And when she is drest, behold! she knoweth not
herself again.—
I walked in the Forest; and above me stood the
Yew,

Stood like a slumbering giant, shrouded in impenetrable shade;

Then I pass'd into the citizen's garden, and marked a tree clipt into shape,

(The giant's locks had been shorn by the Dalilah-shears of Decorum;)

And I said, "Surely nature is goodly; but how much goodlier is Art!"

I heard the wild notes of the lark floating far over the blue sky,

And my foolish heart went after him, and, lo! I blessed him as he rose;

Foolish! for far better is the trained boudoir bulfinch,

Which pipeth the semblance of a tune, and mechanically draweth up water:

And the reinless steed of the desert, though his neck be clothed with thunder,

Must yield to him that danceth and 'moveth in the
circles' at Astley's.

For verily, O my daughter, the world is a masque-
rade,

And God made thee one thing, that thou mightest
make thyself another:

A maiden's heart is as champagne, ever aspiring
and struggling upwards,

And it needed that its motions be checked by the
silvered cork of Propriety:

He that can afford the price, his be the precious
treasure,

Let him drink deeply of its sweetness, nor grumble
if it tasteth of the cork.

Of Friendship.

Choose judiciously thy friends; for to discard them
is undesirable,

Yet it is better to drop thy friends, O my daughter, than to drop thy 'H's.'

Dost thou know a wise woman? yea, wiser than the children of light?

Hath she a position? and a title? and are her parties in the Morning Post?

If thou dost, cleave unto her, and give up unto her thy body and mind;

Think with her ideas, and distribute thy smiles at her bidding:

So shalt thou become like unto her; and thy manners shall be "formed,"

And thy name shall be a Sesame, at which the doors of the great shall fly open:

Thou shalt know every Peer, his arms, and the date of his creation,

His pedigree and their intermarriages, and cousins to the sixth remove:

Thou shalt kiss the hand of Royalty, and lo! in next morning's papers,

Side by side with rumours of wars, and stories of shipwrecks and sieges,

Shall appear thy name, and the minutiæ of thy head-dress and petticoat,

For an enraptured public to muse upon over their matutinal muffin.

Of Reading.

Read not Milton, for he is dry; nor Shakespeare, for he wrote of common life:

Nor Scott, for his romances, though fascinating, are yet intelligible:

Nor Thackeray, for he is a Hogarth, a photographer who flattereth not:

Nor Kingsley, for he shall teach thee that thou shouldest not dream, but do.

Read incessantly thy Burke; that Burke who, nobler
than he of old,
Treateth of the Peer and Peeress, the truly Sublime
and Beautiful:
Likewise study the "creations" of "the Prince of
modern Romance";
Sigh over Leonard the Martyr, and smile on Pelham
the puppy:
Learn how "love is the dram-drinking of existence";
And how we "invoke, in the Gadara of our still
closets,
The beautiful ghost of the Ideal, with the simple
wand of the pen."
Listen how Maltravers and the orphan "forgot all
but love,"
And how Devereux's family chaplain "made and
unmade kings":
How Eugene Aram, though a thief, a liar, and
a murderer,

Yet, being intellectual, was amongst the noblest of
mankind.

So shalt thou live in a world peopled with heroes
and master-spirits;

And if thou canst not realize the Ideal, thou shalt
at least idealize the Real.

TRANSLATIONS.

LYCIDAS.

YET once more, O ye laurels! and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

LYCIDAS.

EN! iterum laurus, iterum salvete myrica
Pallentes, nullique hederæ quæ ceditis ævo.
Has venio baccas, quanquam sapor asper acerbis,
Decerptum, quassumque manu folia ipsa proterva,
Maturescentem prævortens improbus annum.
Causa gravis, pia causa, subest, et amara deûm lex;
Nec jam sponte mea vobis rata tempora turbo.
Nam periit Lycidas, periit superante juventa
Imberbis Lycidas, nec par manet illius alter.
Quis cantare super Lycida neget? Ipse quoque artem
Nôrat Apollineam, versumque imponere versu.
Non nullo vitreum fas innatet ille feretrum
Flente, voluteturque arentes corpus ad auras,
Indotatum adeo et lacrymæ vocalis egenum.

Begin then, sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn,
And, as he passes, turn
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud:
For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the gray fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose, at evening, bright,
Toward Heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.

Quare agite, o sacri fontis queis cura, sorores,
Cui sub inaccessi sella Jovis exit origo:
Incipite, et sonitu graviore impellite chordas.
Lingua procul male prompta loqui, suasorque morarum
Sit pudor: alloquiis ut mollior una secundis
Pieridum faveat, cui mox ego destiner, urnæ:
Et gressus prætergrediens convertat, et "Esto"
Dicat "amœna quies atra tibi veste latenti:"
Uno namque jugo duo nutribamur: easdem
Pascebamus oves ad fontem et rivulum et umbram.

Tempore nos illo, nemorum convexa priusquam,
Aurora reserante oculos, cœpere videri,
Urgebamus equos ad pascua: novimus horam
Aridus audiri solitus qua clangor asili;
Rore recente greges passi pinguescere noctis
Sæpius, albuerat donec quod vespere sidus
Hesperios axes prono inclinasset Olympo.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to the oaten flute;
Rough satyrs danced, and fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damætas loved to hear our song.

But oh, the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep

At pastorales non cessavere camœnæ,
Fistula disparibus quas temperat apta cicutis:
Saltabant Satyri informes, nec murmure læto
Capripedes potuere diu se avertere Fauni;
Damætasque modos nostros longævus amabat.
Jamque, relicta tibi, quantum mutata videntur
Rura—relicta tibi, cui non spes ulla regressûs!
Te sylvæ, teque antra, puer, deserta ferarum,
Incultis obducta thymis ac vite sequaci,
Decessisse gemunt; gemitusque reverberat Echo.
Non salices, non glauca ergo coryleta videbo
Molles ad numeros lætum motare cacumen:—
Quale rosis scabies; quam formidabile vermis
Depulso jam lacte gregi, dum tondet agellos;
Sive quod, indutis verna jam veste, pruinæ
Floribus, albet ubi primum paliurus in agris:
Tale fuit nostris, Lycidam periisse, bubulcis.
Qua, Nymphæ, latuistis, ubi crudele profundum

Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie;
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:
Ay me! I fondly dream!
Had ye been there, for what could that have done?
What could the muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The muse herself for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless muse?
Were it not better done as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?

Delicias Lycidam vestras sub vortice torsit?
Nam neque vos scopulis tum ludebatis in illis
Quos veteres, Druidæ, vates, illustria servant
Nomina; nec celsæ setoso in culmine Monæ,
Nec, quos Deva locos magicis amplectitur undis.
Væ mihi! delusos exercent somnia sensus:
Venissetis enim; numquid venisse juvaret?
Numquid Pieris ipsa parens interfuit Orphei,
Pieris ipsa suæ sobolis, qui carmine rexit
Corda virum, quem terra olim, quam magna, dolebat,
Tempore quo, dirum auditu strepitante caterva,
Ora secundo amni missa, ac fœdata cruore,
Lesbia præcipitans ad litora detulit Hebrus?
Eheu quid prodest noctes instare diesque
Pastorum curas spretas humilesque tuendo,
Nilque relaturam meditari rite Camœnam?
Nonne fuit satius lusus agitare sub umbra,
(Ut mos est aliis,) Amaryllida sive Neæram
Sectanti, ac tortis digitum impediisse capillis?

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days.
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears;
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:

Scilicet ingenuum cor Fama, novissimus error
Illa animi majoris, uti calcaribus urget
Spernere delicias ac dedi rebus agendis.
Quanquam—exoptatam jam spes attingere dotem;
Jam nec opinata remur splendescere flamma:—
Cæca sed invisa cum forfice venit Erinnys,
Hærentemque secat tenui subtemine vitam.
"At Famam non illa," refert, tangitque trementes
Phœbus Apollo aures. "Fama haud, vulgaris ad instar
Floris, amat terrestre solum, fictosque nitores
Queis inhïat populus, nec cum Rumore patescit.
Vivere dant illi, dant increbrescere late
Puri oculi ac vox summa Jovis, cui sola Potestas.
Fecerit ille semel de facto quoque virorum
Arbitrium: tantum famæ manet æthera nactis."
Fons Arethusa! sacro placidus qui laberis alveo,
Frontem vocali prætextus arundine, Minci!
Sensi equidem gravius carmen. Nunc cetera pastor

But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea;
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
What hard mishap had doomed this gentle swain?
And questioned every gust of rugged wings,
That blows from off each beaked promontory:
They knew not of his story,
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed,
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge,
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
"Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest
pledge?"

Exsequor. Adstat enim missus pro rege marino,
Seque rogâsse refert fluctus, ventosque rapaces,
Quæ sors dura nimis tenerum rapuisset agrestem.
Compellasse refert alarum quicquid ab omni
Spirat, acerba sonans, scopulo, qui cuspidis instar
Prominet in pelagus; fama haud pervenerat illuc.
Hæc ultro pater Hippotades responsa ferebat:
"Nulli sunt nostro palati carcere venti.
Straverat æquor aquas, et sub Jove compta sereno
Lusum exercebat Panope nymphæque sorores.
Quam Furiæ struxere per interlunia, leto
Fetam ac fraude ratem,—malos velarat Erinnys,—
Credas in mala tanta caput mersisse sacratum."
Proximus huic tardum senior se Camus agebat;
Cui setosa chlamys, cui pileus ulva: figuris
Idem intertextus dubiis erat, utque cruentos
Quos perhibent flores, inscriptus margine luctum.
"Nam quis," ait, "prædulce meum me pignus ademit?"

Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake.
Two massy keys he bore, of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearer's feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the least
That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swollen with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.

Post hos, qui Galilæa regit per stagna carinas,
Post hos venit iturus: habet manus utraque clavim,
(Queis aperit clauditque) auro ferrove gravatam.
Mitra tegit crines; quassis quibus, acriter infit:
"Scilicet optassem pro te dare corpora leto
Sat multa, o juvenis: quot serpunt ventribus acti,
Vi quot iter faciunt spretis in ovilia muris.
Hic labor, hoc opus est, pecus ut tondente magistro
Præripiant epulas, trudatur dignior hospes.
Capti oculis, non ore! pedum tractare nec ipsi
Norunt; quotve bonis sunt upilionibus artes.
Sed quid enim refert, quove est opus, omnia nactis?
Fert ubi mens, tenue ac deductum carmen avenam
Radit stridentem stipulis. Pastore negato
Suspicit ægra pecus: vento gravis ac lue tracta
Tabescit; mox fœda capit contagia vulgus.
Quid dicam, stabulis ut clandestinus oberrans
Expleat ingluviem tristis lupus, indice nullo?

But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."
Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,

Illa tamen bimanus custodit machina portam,
Stricta, paratque malis plagam non amplius unam."
En, Alphee, redi! Quibus ima cohorruit unda
Voces præteriere: redux quoque Sicelis omnes
Musa voca valles; huc pendentes hyacinthos
Fac jaciant, teneros huc flores mille colorum.
O nemorum depressa, sonant ubi crebra susurri
Umbrarum, et salientis aquæ, Zephyrique protervi;
Queisque virens gremium penetrare Canicula parcit:
Picturata modis jacite huc mihi lumina miris,
Mellitos imbres queis per viridantia rura
Mos haurire, novo quo tellus vere rubescat.
Huc ranunculus, ipse arbos, pallorque ligustri,
Quæque relicta perit, vixdum matura feratur
Primula: quique ebeno distinctus, cætera flavet
Flos, et qui specie nomen detrectat eburna.
Ardenti violæ rosa proxima fundat odores;
Serpyllumque placens, et acerbo flexile vultu
Verbascum, ac tristem si quid sibi legit amictum.

To strow the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where ere thy bones are hurled,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou, perhaps, under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward, angel now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,

Quicquid habes pulcri fundas, amarante: coronent
Narcissi lacrymis calices, sternantque feretrum
Tectus ubi lauro Lycidas jacet: adsit ut oti
Saltem aliquid, ficta ludantur imagine mentes.
Me miserum! Tua nam litus, pelagusque sonorum
Ossa ferunt, queiscunque procul jacteris in oris;
Sive procellosas ultra Symplegadas ingens
Jam subter mare visis, alit quæ monstra profundum;
Sive (negarit enim precibus te Jupiter udis)
Cum sene Bellero, vetcrum qui fabula, dormis,
Qua custoditi montis prægrandis imago
Namancum atque arces longe prospectat Iberas.
Verte retro te, verte deum, mollire precando:
Et vos infaustum juvenem delphines agatis.

Ponite jam lacrymas, sat enim flevistis, agrestes.
Non periit Lycidas, vestri mœroris origo,
Marmorei quanquam fluctus hausere cadentem.
Sic et in æquoreum se condere sæpe cubile
Luciferum videas; nec longum tempus, et effert

And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walked the waves,
Where other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the inexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray.

Demissum caput, igne novo vestitus; et, aurum
Ceu rutilans, in fronte poli splendescit Eoi.
Sic obiit Lycidas, sic assurrexit in altum;
Illo, quem peditem mare sustulit, usus amico.
Nunc campos alios, alia errans stagna secundum,
Rorantesque lavans integro nectare crines,
Audit inauditos nobis cantari Hymenæos,
Fortunatorum sedes ubi mitis amorem
Lætitiamque affert. Hic illum, quotquot Olympum
Prædulces habitant turbæ, venerabilis ordo,
Circumstant: aliæque canunt, interque canendum
Majestate sua veniunt abeuntque catervæ,
Omnibus ex oculis lacrymas arcere paratæ.
Ergo non Lycidam lamentabuntur agrestes.
Divus eris ripæ, puer, hoc ex tempore nobis,
Grande, nec immerito, veniens in munus; opemque
Poscent usque tuam, dubiis quot in æstubus errant.
Hæc incultus aquis puer ilicibusque canebat;
Processit dum mane silens talaribus albis.

He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropped into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue,
Tomorrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

Multa manu teneris discrimina tentat avenis,
Dorica non studio modulatus carmina segni:
Et jam sol abiens colles extenderat omnes,
Jamque sub Hesperium se præcipitaverat alveum.
Surrexit tandem, glaucumque retraxit amictum;
Cras lucos, reor, ille novos, nova pascua quæret.

IN MEMORIAM.

CVI.

THE time admits not flowers or leaves
To deck the banquet. Fiercely flies
The blast of North and East, and ice
Makes daggers at the sharpened eaves,

And bristles all the brakes and thorns
To yon hard crescent, as she hangs
Above the wood which grides and clangs
Its leafless ribs and iron horns

Together, in the drifts that pass,
To darken on the rolling brine
That breaks the coast. But fetch the wine,
Arrange the board and brim the glass;

IN MEMORIAM.

NON hora myrto, non violis sinit
Nitere mensas. Trux Aquilo foras
Bacchatur, ac passim pruina
Tigna sagittifera coruscant;

Horretque saltus spinifer, algidæ
Sub falce lunæ; dum nemori imminet,
Quod stridet illiditque costis
Cornua, jam vacuis honorum,

Ferrata; nimbis prætereuntibus,
Ut incubent tandem implacido sali
Qui curvat oras. Tu Falernum
Prome, dapes strue, dic coronent.

Bring in great logs and let them lie,
To make a solid core of heat;
Be cheerful-minded, talk and treat
Of all things ev'n as he were by:

We keep the day with festal cheer,
With books and music. Surely we
Will drink to him whate'er he be,
And sing the songs he loved to hear.

Crateras: ignis cor solidum, graves
Repone truncos. Jamque doloribus
Loquare securus fugatis
Quæ socio loquereris illo;

Hunc dedicamus lætitiæ diem
Lyræque musisque. Illius, illius
Da, quicquid audit: nec silebunt
Qui numeri placuere vivo.

LAURA MATILDA'S DIRGE.

From 'Rejected Addresses.'

BALMY Zephyrs, lightly flitting,
Shade me with your azure wing;
On Parnassus' summit sitting,
Aid me, Clio, while I sing.

Softly slept the dome of Drury
O'er the empyreal crest,
When Alecto's sister-fury
Softly slumb'ring sunk to rest.

Lo! from Lemnos limping lamely,
Lags the lowly Lord of Fire,
Cytherea yielding tamely
To the Cyclops dark and dire.

NÆNIA.

O QUOT odoriferi volitatis in aëre venti,
Cæruleum tegmen vestra sit ala mihi:
Tuque sedens Parnassus ubi caput erigit ingens,
Dextra veni, Clio: teque docente canam.

Jam suaves somnos Tholus affectare Theatri
Cœperat, igniflui trans laqueare poli:
Alectûs consanguineam quo tempore Erinnyn,
Suave soporatam, cœpit adire quies.

Lustra sed ecce labans claudo pede Lemnia linquit
Luridus (at lente lugubriterque) Deus:
Amisit veteres, amisit inultus, amores;
Teter habet Venerem terribilisque Cyclops.

Clouds of amber, dreams of gladness,
Dulcet joys and sports of youth,
Soon must yield to haughty sadness;
Mercy holds the veil to Truth.

See Erostratus the second
Fires again Diana's fane;
By the Fates from Orcus beckon'd,
Clouds envelop Drury Lane.

Where is Cupid's crimson motion?
Billowy ecstasy of woe,
Bear me straight, meandering ocean,
Where the stagnant torrents flow.

Blood in every vein is gushing,
Vixen vengeance lulls my heart;
See, the Gorgon gang is rushing!
Never, never let us part.

Electri nebulas, potioraque somnia vero;
Quotque placent pueris gaudia, quotque joci;
Omnia tristitiæ fas concessisse superbæ:
Admissum Pietas scitque premitque nefas.

Respice! Nonne vides ut Erostratus alter ad ædem
Rursus agat flammas, spreta Diana, tuam?
Mox, Acheronteis quas Parca eduxit ab antris,
Druriacam nubes corripuere domum.

O ubi purpurei motus pueri alitis? o qui
Me mihi turbineis surripis, angor, aquis!
Duc, labyrintheum, duc me, mare, tramite recto
Quo rapidi fontes, pigra caterva, ruunt!

Jamque—soporat enim pectus Vindicta Virago;
Omnibus a venis sanguinis unda salit;
Gorgoneique greges præceps (adverte!) feruntur—
Sim, precor, o! semper sim tibi junctus ego.

"LEAVES HAVE THEIR TIME TO FALL."

FELICIA HEMANS.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set: but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings at the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer;
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth!

The banquet has its hour,
The feverish hour of mirth and song and wine:
There comes a day for grief's overwhelming shower,
A time for softer tears: but all are thine.

"FRONDES EST UBI DECIDANT."

FRONDES est ubi decidant,
Marcescantque rosæ flatu Aquilonio:
Horis astra cadunt suis;
Sed, Mors, cuncta tibi tempora vindicas.

Curis nata virûm dies;
Vesper colloquiis dulcibus ad focum;
Somnis nox magis, et preci:
Sed nil, Terrigenum maxima, non tibi.

Festis hora epulis datur,
(Fervens hora jocis, carminibus, mero;)
Fusis altera lacrymis
Aut fletu tacito: quæque tamen tua.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee!—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey!

Virgo, seu rosa pullulans,
Tantum quippe nitent ut nequeant mori?
Rident te? Neque enim soles
Prædæ parcere, dum flos adoleverit.

"LET US TURN HITHERWARD OUR BARK."

R. C. TRENCH.

"LET us turn hitherward our bark," they cried,
"And, 'mid the blisses of this happy isle,
Past toil forgetting and to come, abide
In joyfulness awhile.

And then, refreshed, our tasks resume again,
If other tasks we yet are bound unto,
Combing the hoary tresses of the main
With sharp swift keel anew."

O heroes, that had once a nobler aim,
O heroes, sprung from many a godlike line,
What will ye do, unmindful of your fame,
And of your race divine?

"QUIN HUC, FREMEBANT."

"QUIN huc," fremebant, "dirigimus ratem:
Hic, dote læti divitis insulæ,
Paullisper hæremus, futuri
Nec memores operis, nec acti:

"Curas refecti cras iterabimus,
Si qua supersunt emeritis novæ:
Pexisse pernices acuta
Canitiem pelagi carina."

O rebus olim nobilioribus
Pares: origo Dî quibus ac Deæ
Heroës! oblitine famæ
Hæc struitis, generisque summi?

But they, by these prevailing voices now
Lured, evermore draw nearer to the land,
Nor saw the wrecks of many a goodly prow,
That strewed that fatal strand;

Or seeing, feared not—warning taking none
From the plain doom of all who went before,
Whose bones lay bleaching in the wind and sun,
And whitened all the shore.

Atqui propinquant jam magis ac magis,
Ducti magistra voce, solum: neque
Videre prorarum nefandas
Fragmina nobilium per oras;

Vidisse seu non pœnitet—ominis
Incuriosos tot præëuntium,
Quorum ossa sol siccantque venti,
Candet adhuc quibus omnis ora.

CARMEN SÆCULARE.

MDCCCLIII.

"Quicquid agunt homines, nostri est farrago libelli."

ACRIS hyems jam venit: hyems genus omne perosa
Fœmineum, et senibus glacies non æqua rotundis:
Apparent rari stantes in tramite glauco;
Radit iter, cogitque nives, sua tela, juventus.
Trux matrona ruit, multos dominata per annos,
Digna indigna minans, glomeratque volumina crurum;
Parte senex alia, prærepto forte galero,
Per plateas bacchatur; eum chorus omnis agrestum
Ridet anhelantem frustra, et jam jamque tenentem
Quod petit; illud agunt venti prensumque resorbent.
Post, ubi compositus tandem votique potitus
Sedit humi; flet crura tuens nive candida lenta,

Et vestem laceram, et venturas conjugis iras:
Itque domum tendens duplices ad sidera palmas,
Corda miser, desiderio perfixa galeri.

At juvenis (sed cruda viro viridisque juventus)
Quærit bacciferas, tunica pendente,* tabernas:
Pervigil ecce Baco furva depromit ab arca
Splendidius quiddam solito, plenumque saporem
Laudat, et antiqua jurat de stirpe Jamaicæ.
O fumose puer, nimium ne crede Baconi:
Manillas vocat; hoc prætexit nomine caules.

Te vero, cui forte dedit maturior ætas
Scire potestates herbarum, te quoque quanti
Circumstent casus, paucis (adverte) docebo.
Præcipue, seu raptat amor te simplicis herbæ,†
Seu potius tenui Musam meditaris avena,
Procuratorem fugito, nam ferreus idem est.

* *tunicâ pendente:* h.e. 'suspensâ e brachio.' Quod procuratoribus illis valde, ut ferunt, displicebat. Dicunt vero morem a barbaris tractum, urbem Bosporiam in fl. Iside habitantibus. *Bacciferas tabernas:* id q. nostri vocant "tobacco-shops."

† *herbæ—avenâ.* Duo quasi genera artis poeta videtur distinguere. 'Weed,' 'pipe,' recte Scaliger.

Vita semiboves catulos, redimicula vita
Candida: de cœlo descendit σῶζε σεαυτόν.
Nube vaporis item conspergere præter euntes
Jura vetant, notumque furens quid femina possit:
Odit enim dulces succos anus, odit odorem;
Odit Lethæi diffusa volumina fumi.

Mille modis reliqui fugiuntque feruntque laborem.
Hic vir ad Eleos, pedibus talaria gestans,
Fervidus it latices, et nil acquirit eundo:*
Ille petit virides (sed non e gramine) mensas,
Pollicitus meliora patri, tormentaque† flexus
Per labyrintheos plus quam mortalia tentat,
Acre tuens, loculisque pilas immittit et aufert.

Sunt alii, quos frigus aquæ, tenuisque phaselus
Captat, et æquali surgentes ordine remi.

* *nil acquirit eundo.* Aqua enim aspera, et radentibus parum habilis. Immersum hic aliquem et vix aut ne vix quidem extractum refert schol.

† *tormenta p. q. mortalia.* Eleganter, ut solet, Peile, 'unearthly cannons.' (Cf. Ainsw. D. *s. v.*) Perrecondita autem est quæstio de lusubus illorum temporum, neque in Smithii Dict. Class. satis elucidata. Consule omnino Kentf. de Bill. *Loculis*, bene vertas 'pockets.'

His edura cutis, nec ligno rasile tergum;
Par saxi sinus: esca boves cum robore Bassi.
Tollunt in numerum fera brachia, vique feruntur
Per fluctus: sonuere viæ clamore secundo:
At piceâ de puppe fremens immane bubulcus
Invocat exitium cunctis, et verbera rapto
Stipite defessis onerat graviora caballis.
Nil humoris egent alii. Labor arva vagari.
Flectere ludus equos, et amantem devia* currum.
Nosco purpureas vestes, clangentia nosco
Signa tubæ, et caudas inter virgulta caninas.
Stat venator equus, tactoque ferocior armo
Surgit in arrectum, vix auditurus habenam;
Et jam prata fuga superat, jam flumina saltu.
Aspicias alios ab iniqua sepe rotari
In caput, ut scrobibus quæ sint fastigia quærant;
Eque rubis aut amne pigro trahere humida crura,
Et fœdam faciem, defloccatumque galerum.

* *amantem devia.* Quorsum hoc, quærunt Interpretes. Suspicor equidem respiciendos, vv. 19—23, de procuratoribus.

Sanctius his animal, cui quadravisse rotundum*
Musæ suadet amor, Camique ardentis imago,
Inspicat calamos contracta fronte malignos,
Perque Mathematicum pelagus, loca turbida, anhelat.
Circum dirus "Hymers," nec pondus inutile,
"Lignum,"
"Salmoque," et pueris tu detestate, "Colenso,"
Horribiles visu formæ; livente notatæ
Ungue omnes, omnes insignes aure canina.†
Fervet opus; tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus
Tutorum; "pulchrumque mori," dixere, "legendo."
Nec vero juvenes facere omnes omnia possunt.
Atque unum memini ipse, deus qui dictus amicis,
Et multum referens de rixatore‡ secundo,
Nocte terens ulnas ac scrinia, solus in alto
Degebat tripode; arcta viro vilisque supellex;

* *quadr. rotm.—Cami ard. imo.* Quadrando enim rotundum (Ang. 'squaring the circle') Camum accendere, juvenes ingenui semper nitebantur. Fecisse vero quemquam non liquet.

† *rure caninâ.* Iterum audi Peile, 'dog's-eared.'

‡ *rixatore.* non male Heins. cum Aldinâ, 'wrangler.'

Et sic torva tuens, pedibus per mutua nexis,
Sedit, lacte mero mentem mulcente tenellam.
Et fors ad summos tandem venisset honores;
Sed rapidi juvenes, queis gratior usus equorum,
Subveniunt, siccoque vetant inolescere libro.
Improbus hos Lector pueros, mentumque virili
Lævius, et duræ gravat inclementia Mortis:*
Suetos (agmen iners), alienâ vivere quadrâ,†
Et lituo vexare viros, calcare caballos.
Tales mane novo sæpe admiramur euntes
Torquibus in rigidis et pelle Libystidis ursæ;
Admiramur opus‡ tunicæ, vestemque‖ sororem
Iridis, et crurum non enarrabile tegmen.

* *Mortis.* Verbum generali fere sensu dictum inveni. Suspicor autem poetam virum quendam innuisse, qui currus, caballos, id genus omne, mercede non minimâ locaret.

† *alienâ quadrâ.* Sunt qui de pileis Academicis accipiunt. Rapidiores enim suas fere amittebant. Sed judicet sibi lector.

‡ *opus tunicæ*, 'shirt-work.' Alii *opes*. Perperam.

‖ *vestem.* Nota proprietatem verbi. 'Vest,' enim apud politos id. q. vulgo 'waistcoat' appellatur. Quod et feminæ usurpabant, ut hodiernæ, fibula revinctum, teste Virgilio:

'crines nodantur in aurum,
Aurea purpuream subnectit fibula vestem.'

Hos inter comites implebat pocula sorbis
Infelix puer, et sese recreabat ad ignem,
"Evoe, *Basse," fremens: dum velox præterit ætas;
Venit summa dies; et Junior Optimus exit.

Saucius at juvenis nota intra tecta refugit,
Horrendum ridens, lucemque miserrimus odit:
Informem famulus laqueum pendentiaque ossa
Mane videt, refugitque feri meminisse magistri.

Di nobis meliora! Modum re servat in omni
Qui sapit: haud illum semper recubare sub umbra,
Haud semper madidis juvat impallescere chartis.
Nos numerus sumus, et libros consumere nati;
Sed requies sit rebus; amant alterna Camenæ.
Nocte dieque legas, cum tertius advenit annus:
Tum libros cape; claude fores, et prandia defer.
Quartus venit: ini,† rebus jam rite paratis,
Exultans, et coge gradum conferre magistros.

* *Basse.* cft. Interpretes illud Horatianum, "Bassum Threiciâ vincat amystide." Non perspexere viri docti alterum hic alludi, Anglicanæ originis, neque illum, ut perhibent, a potu aversum.

† *Ini.* Sic nostri, 'Go in and win.' *rebus,* 'subjects.'

His animadversis, fugies immane Barathrum.
His, operose puer, si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu rixator eris. Saltem non crebra revises
Ad stabulum,* et tota mœrens carpere juventa;
Classe nec amisso nil profectura dolentem
Tradet ludibriis te plena leporis HIRUDO.†

* *crebra r. a. stabulum.* "Turn up year after year at the old diggings, (*i. e.* the Senate House,) and be plucked," etc. Peile. Quo quid jejunius?

† Classe—Hirudo. Obscurior allusio ad picturam quandam (in collectione viri, vel plusquam viri, Punchii repositam,) in qua juvenis custodem stationis mœrens alloquitur.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.

TO A SHIP.

Od. i. 14.

YET on fresh billows seaward wilt thou ride,
O ship? What dost thou? Seek a haven, and there
Rest thee: for lo! thy side
Is oarless all and bare,

And the swift south-west wind hath maimed thy mast,
And thy yards creak, and, every cable lost,
Yield must thy keel at last
On tyrannous sea-waves tossed

Too rudely. Goodly canvas is not thine,
Nor gods, to hear thee, when thy need is sorest:—
Though thou—a Pontic pine,
Child of a stately forest—

Boast'st race and idle name, yet little trust
The frightened seamen to the gaudy sail:
Stay—or become thou must
The sport of every gale.

Flee—what of late sore burden was to me,
Now a sad memory and a bitter pain,—
Those shining Cyclads flee
That stud the far-off main.

TO VIRGIL.

Od. i. 24.

UNSHAMED, unchecked, for one so dear
We sorrow. Lead the mournful choir,
Melpomene, to whom thy sire
Gave harp, and song-notes liquid-clear!

Sleeps He the sleep that knows no morn?
Oh Honour, oh twin-born with Right,
Pure Faith, and Truth that loves the light,
When shall again his like be born?

Many a kind heart for Him makes moan;
Thine, Virgil, first. But ah! in vain
Thy love bids Heaven restore again
That which it took not as a loan:

Were sweeter lute than Orpheus given
To thee, did trees thy voice obey;
The blood revisits not the clay
Which He, with lifted wand, hath driven

Into his dark assemblage, who
Unlocks not fate to mortal's prayer.
Hard lot! Yet light their griefs who BEAR
The ills which they may not undo.

TO THE FOUNTAIN OF BANDUSIA

Od. iii. 13.

BANDUSIA, stainless mirror of the sky!
Thine is the flower-crown'd bowl, for thee shall die,
When dawns yon sun, the kid;
Whose horns, half-seen, half-hid,

Challenge to dalliance or to strife—in vain!
Soon must the darling of the herd be slain,
And those cold springs of thine
With blood incarnadine.

Fierce glows the Dog-star, but his fiery beam
Toucheth not thee: still grateful thy cool stream
To labour-wearied ox,
Or wanderer from the flocks:

And henceforth thou shalt be a royal fountain:
My harp shall tell how from yon cavernous mountain,
Topt by the brown oak-tree,
Thou breakest babblingly.

SORACTE.

Od. i. 9.

ONE dazzling mass of solid snow
Soracte stands; the bent woods fret
Beneath their load; and, sharpest-set
With frost, the streams have ceased to flow.

Pile on great faggots and break up
The ice: let influence more benign
Enter with four-years-treasured wine,
Fetched in the ponderous Sabine cup:

Leave to the Gods all else. When they
Have once bid rest the winds that war
Over the passionate seas, no more
Gray ash and cypress rock and sway.

Ask not what future suns shall bring:
Count to-day gain, whate'er it chance
To be: nor, young man, scorn the dance,
Nor deem sweet Love an idle thing,

Ere Time thy April youth had changed
To sourness. Park and public walk
Attract thee now, and whispered talk
At twilight meetings pre-arranged;

Hear how the pretty laugh that tells
In what dim corner lurks thy love;
And snatch a bracelet or a glove
From wrist or hand that scarce rebels.

TO LEUCONÖE.

Od. i. 11.

SEEK not, for thou shalt not find it, what my
end, what thine shall be;
Ask not of Chaldæa's science what God wills,
Leuconöe:
Better far, what comes, to bear it. Haply many
a wintry blast
Waits thee still; and this, it may be, Jove ordains
to be thy last,
Which flings now the flagging sea-wave on the
obstinate sandstone-reef.
Be thou wise: fill up the wine-cup; shortening,
since the time is brief,
Hopes that reach into the future. While I speak,
hath stol'n away
Jealous Time. Mistrust To-morrow, catch the
blossom of To-day.

JUNO'S SPEECH.

Od. iii. 3.

THE just man's single-purposed mind
Not furious mobs that prompt to ill
May move, nor kings' frowns shake his will
Which is as rock; not warrior winds

That keep the seas in wild unrest;
Nor bolt by Jove's own finger hurled:
The fragments of a shivered world
Would crash round him still self-possest.

Jove's wandering son reached, thus endowed,
The fiery bastions of the skies;
Thus Pollux; with them Cæsar lies
Beside his nectar, radiant-browed.

For this rewarded, tiger-drawn
Rode Bacchus, reining necks before
Untamed; for this War's horses bore
Quirinus up from Acheron.

To the pleased gods had Juno said,
In conclave: "Troy is in the dust;
Troy, by a judge accursed, unjust,
And that strange woman prostrated.

"The day Laomedon ignored
His god-pledged word, resigned to me
And Pallas ever pure was she,
Her people, and their traitor lord.

"No more the Greek girl's guilty guest
Sits splendour-girt: Priam's perjured sons
Find not against the mighty ones
Of Greece a shield in Hector's breast;

"And, long drawn out by private jars,
The war sleeps. Lo! my wrath is o'er:
And him the Trojan vestal bore
(Sprung of that hated line) to Mars,

"To Mars restore I. His be rest
In halls of light: by him be drained
The nectar-bowl, his place obtained
In the calm companies of the blest.

"While betwixt Rome and Ilion raves
A length of ocean, where they will
Rise empires for the exiles still:
While Paris's and Priam's graves

"Are trod by kine, and wild-beasts breed
Securely there; unharmed shall stand
Rome's lustrous Capitol, her hand
Curb with proud laws the trampled Mede.

"Wide-feared, to far-off climes be borne
Her story; where the central main
Europe and Libya parts in twain,
Where full Nile laves a land of corn:

"The buried secret of the mine
(Best left there) resolute to spurn,
Not unto man's base use to turn,
Profane hands laying on things divine.

"Earth's utmost end, where'er it be,
May her hosts reach; careering proud
O'er lands where watery rain and cloud,
Or where wild suns hold revelry.

"But, to the warriors of Rome,
Tied by this law, such fates are willed;
That they seek never to rebuild,
Too fond, too bold, their grandsires' home.

"With darkest omens, deadliest strife,
Shall Troy, raised up again, repeat
Her history; I the victor-fleet
Shall lead, Jove's sister and his wife.

"Thrice let Apollo rear the wall
Of brass; and thrice my Greeks shall hew
The fabric down; thrice matrons rue
In chains their sons', their husbands' fall."

Ill my light lyre such notes beseem.
Stay, Muse; nor, wayward still, rehearse
The speech of Gods in puny verse
That may but mar a mighty theme.

TO A FAUN.

Od. iii. 18.

WOOER of young Nymphs who fly thee,
Lightly o'er my sunlit lawn
Trip, and go, nor injured by thee
Be my weanling herds, O Faun:

If the kid his doomed head bows, and
Brims with wine the loving cup,
When the year is full; and thousand
Scents from altars hoar go up.

Each flock in the rich grass gambols
When the month comes which is thine;
And the happy village rambles
Fieldward with the idle kine:

Lambs play on, the wolf their neighbour:
Wild woods deck thee with their spoil;
And with glee the sons of labour
Stamp upon their foe, the soil.

TO LYCE.

Od. iv. 13.

LYCE, the Gods have listened to my prayer;
The Gods have listened, Lyce. Thou art gray,
And still would'st thou seem fair;
Still unshamed drink, and play,

And, wine-flushed, woo slow-answering Love with weak
Shrill pipings. With young Chia he doth dwell,
Queen of the harp: her cheek
Is his sweet citadel:—

He marked the withered oak, and on he flew
Intolerant; shrank from Lyce grim and wrinkled,
Whose teeth are ghastly-blue,
Whose temples snow-besprinkled:—

Not purple, not the brightest gem that glows,
Brings back to her the years which, fleeting fast,
Time hath once shut in those
Dark annals of the Past.

Oh, where is all thy loveliness? soft hue
And motions soft? Oh, what of Her doth rest,
Her, who breathed love, who drew
My heart out of my breast?

Fair, and far-famed, and subtly sweet, thy face
Ranked next to Cinara's. But to Cinara fate
Gave but a few years' grace;
And lets live, all too late,

Lyce, the rival of the beldam crow:
That fiery youth may see with scornful brow
The torch that long ago
Beamed bright, a cinder now.

TO HIS SLAVE.

Od. i. 38.

PERSIAN grandeur I abhor;
Linden-wreathèd crowns, avaunt:
Boy, I bid thee not explore
Woods which latest roses haunt:

Try on nought thy busy craft
Save plain myrtle; so arrayed
Thou shalt fetch, I drain, the draught
Fitliest 'neath the scant vine-shade.

FROM VIRGIL.

THE DEAD OX.

GEORG. IV.

LO! smoking in the stubborn plough, the ox
Falls, from his lip foam gushing crimson-stained,
And sobs his life out. Sad of face the swain
Moves, disentangling from his comrade's corpse
The lone survivor: and its work half-done,
Abandoned in the furrow stands the plough.
Not shadiest forest-depths, not softest lawns,
May move him now: not river amber-pure,
That rolls from crag to crag unto the plain.
Powerless the broad sides, glazed the rayless eye,
And low and lower sinks the ponderous neck.
What thank hath he for all the toil he toiled,
The heavy-clodded land in man's behoof

Upturning? Yet the grape of Italy,
The stored-up feast hath wrought no harm to him:
Green leaf and taintless grass are all their fare;
The clear rill or the travel-freshen'd stream
Their cup: nor one care mars their honest sleep.

FROM THEOCRITUS.

THE GOATHERD.

IDYLL VII.

SCARCE midway were we yet, nor yet descried
The stone that hides what once was Brasidas:
When there drew near a wayfarer from Crete,
Young Lycidas, the Muses' votary.
The horned herd was his care: a glance might tell
So much: for every inch a herdsman he.
Slung o'er his shoulder was a ruddy hide
Torn from a he-goat, shaggy, tangle-haired,
That reeked of rennet yet: a broad belt clasped
A patched cloak round his breast, and for a staff
A gnarled wild-olive bough his right hand bore.
Soon with a quiet smile he spoke—his eye
Twinkled, and laughter sat upon his lip:
"And whither ploddest thou thy weary way

Beneath the noontide sun, Simichides?
For now the lizard sleeps upon the wall,
The crested lark hath closed his wandering wing.
Speed'st thou, a bidden guest, to some reveller's board?
Or townward, to the treading of the grape?
For lo! recoiling from thy hurrying feet
The pavement-stones ring out right merrily."

FROM SOPHOCLES.

SPEECH OF AJAX.

SOPH. *Aj.* 645.

ALL strangest things the multitudinous years
Bring forth, and shadow from us all we know.
Falter alike great oath and steeled resolve;
And none shall say of aught, 'This may not be.'
Lo! I myself, but yesterday so strong,
As new-dipt steel am weak and all unsexed
By yonder woman: yea I mourn for them,
Widow and orphan, left amid their foes.
But I will journey seaward—where the shore
Lies meadow-fringed—so haply wash away
My sin, and flee that wrath that weighs me down,
And, lighting somewhere on an untrodden way,
I will bury this my lance, this hateful thing,
Deep in some earth-hole where no eye shall see—

Night and Hell keep it in the underworld!
For never to this day, since first I grasped
The gift that Hector gave, my bitterest foe,
Have I reaped aught of honour from the Greeks.
So true that byword in the mouths of men,
"A foeman's gifts are no gifts, but a curse."

Wherefore henceforward shall I know that God
Is great; and strive to honour Atreus' sons.
Princes they are, and should be obeyed. How else?
Do not all terrible and most puissant things
Yet bow to loftier majesties? The Winter,
Who walks forth scattering snows, gives place anon
To fruitage-laden Summer; and the orb
Of weary Night doth in her turn stand by,
And let shine out, with her white steeds, the Day:
Stern tempest-blasts at last sing lullaby
To groaning seas: even the arch-tyrant, Sleep,
Doth loose his slaves, not hold them chained for ever.

And shall not mankind too learn discipline?
I know, of late experience taught, that him
Who is my foe I must but hate as one
Whom I may yet call Friend: and him who loves me
Will I but serve and cherish as a man
Whose love is not abiding. Few be they
Who reaching Friendship's port, have there found rest.

But, for these things, they shall be well. Go thou,
Lady, within, and there pray that the Gods
May fill unto the full my heart's desire.
And ye, my mates, do unto me with her
Like honour: bid young Teucer, if he come,
To care for me, but to be your friend still.
For where my way leads, thither I shall go:
Do ye my bidding: haply ye may hear,
Though now is my dark hour, that I have peace.

FROM LUCRETIUS.

Book II.

SWEET, when the great sea's water is stirred
to his depths by the storm-winds,
Standing ashore to descry one afar-off mightily
struggling:
Not that a neighbour's sorrow to you yields dulcet
enjoyment;
But that the sight hath a sweetness, of ills our-
selves are exempt from.
Sweet 'tis too to behold, on a broad plain mustering,
war-hosts
Arm them for some great battle, one's self un-
scathed by the danger:—
Yet still happier this:—To possess, impregnably
guarded,

Those calm heights of the sages, which have for
an origin Wisdom;
Thence to survey our fellows, observe them this
way and that way
Wander amidst Life's paths, poor stragglers seeking
a highway:
Watch mind battle with mind, and escutcheon rival
escutcheon;
Gaze on that untold strife, which is waged 'neath
the sun and the starlight,
Up as they toil on the surface whereon rest Riches
and Empire.
O race born unto trouble! O minds all lacking
of eyesight!
'Neath what a vital darkness, amidst how terrible
dangers,
Move ye thro' this thing, Life, this fragment! Fools,
that ye hear not
Nature clamour aloud for the one thing only; that,
all pain

Parted and past from the Body, the Mind too bask in a blissful

Dream, all fear of the future and all anxiety over!

Now, as regards Man's Body, a few things only are needful,

(Few, tho' we sum up all,) to remove all misery from him;

Aye, and to strew in his path such a lib'ral carpet of pleasures,

That scarce Nature herself would at times ask happiness ampler.

Statues of youth and of beauty may not gleam golden around him,

(Each in his right hand bearing a great lamp lustrously burning,

Whence to the midnight revel a light may be furnishèd always);

Silver may not shine softly, nor gold blaze bright, in his mansion,

Nor to the noise of the tabret his halls gold-cornicèd
echo:—
Yet still he, with his fellow, reposed on the velvety
greensward,
Near to a rippling stream, by a tall tree canopied over,
Shall, though they lack great riches, enjoy all
bodily pleasure.
Chiefliest then, when above them a fair sky smiles,
and the young year
Flings with a bounteous hand over each green
meadow the wild-flowers:—
Not more quickly depart from his bosom fiery fevers,
Who beneath crimson hangings and pictures
cunningly broidered
Tosses about, than from him who must lie in
beggarly raiment.

Therefore, since to the Body avail not Riches,
avails not

Heraldry's utmost boast, nor the pomp and the pride
of an empire;
Next shall you own, that the Mind needs likewise
nothing of these things.
Unless—when, peradventure, your armies over the
champaign
Spread with a stir and a ferment, and bid War's
image awaken,
Or when with stir and with ferment a fleet sails
forth upon Ocean—
Cowed before these brave sights, pale Superstition
abandon
Straightway your mind as you gaze, Death seem
no longer alarming,
Trouble vacate your bosom, and Peace hold holiday
in you.
But, if (again) all this be a vain impossible
fiction;
If of a truth men's fears, and the cares which hourly
beset them,

Heed not the jav'lin's fury, regard not clashing of
broadswords;
But all-boldly amongst crowned heads and the rulers
of empires
Stalk, not shrinking abashed from the dazzling
glare of the red gold,
Not from the pomp of the monarch, who walks forth
purple-apparelled:
These things shew that at times we are bankrupt,
surely, of Reason;
Think too that all Man's life through a great Dark
laboureth onward.
For, as a young boy trembles, and in that mystery,
Darkness,
Sees all terrible things: so do we too, ev'n in the
daylight,
Ofttimes shudder at that, which is not more really
alarming
Than boys' fears, when they waken, and say some
danger is o'er them.

So this panic of mind, these clouds which gather
around us,
Fly not the bright sunbeam, nor the ivory shafts
of the Day-star:
Nature, rightly revealed, and the Reason only,
dispel them.

Now, how moving about do the prime material
atoms
Shape forth this thing and that thing; and, once
shaped, how they resolve them;
What power says unto each, This must be; how
an inherent
Elasticity drives them about Space vagrantly onward;
I shall unfold: thou simply give all thyself to my
teaching.

Matter mingled and massed into indissoluble
union

Does not exist. For we see how wastes each
separate substance;
So flow piecemeal away, with the length'ning cen-
turies, all things,
Till from our eye by degrees that old self passes,
and is not.
Still Universal Nature abides unchanged as afore-
time.
Whereof this is the cause. When the atoms part
from a substance,
That suffers loss; but another is elsewhere gaining
an increase:
So that, as one thing wanes, still a second bursts
into blossom,
Soon, in its turn, to be left. Thus draws this
Universe always
Gain out of loss; thus live we mortals one on
another.
Bourgeons one generation, and one fades. Let but
a few years

Pass, and a race has arisen which was not: as in
a racecourse,
One hands on to another the burning torch of
Existence.

* * * * *

FROM HOMER.

Il. I.

SING, O daughter of heaven, of Peleus' son, of
Achilles,
Him whose terrible wrath brought thousand woes
on Achaia.
Many a stalwart soul did it hurl untimely to Hades,
Souls of the heroes of old: and their bones lay
strown on the sea-sands,
Prey to the vulture and dog. Yet was Zeus ful-
filling a purpose;
Since that far-off day, when in hot strife parted
asunder
Atreus' sceptred son, and the chos'n of heaven,
Achilles.
Say then, which of the Gods bid arise up battle
between them?

Zeus's and Leto's son. With the king was kindled
his anger:
Then went sickness abroad, and the people died
of the sickness:
For that of Atreus' son had his priest been lightly
entreated,
Chryses, Apollo's priest. For he came to the ships
of Achaia,
Bearing a daughter's ransom, a sum not easy to
number:
And in his hand was the emblem of Him, far-darting
Apollo,
High on a sceptre of gold: and he prayed to the
hosts of Achaia;
Chiefly to Atreus' sons, twin chieftains, ordering
armies.
"Chiefs sprung of Atreus' loins; and ye, brazen-
greavèd Achaians!
So may the Gods this day, the Olympus-palacèd,
grant you

Priam's city to raze, and return unscathed to your homesteads:

Only my own dear daughter I ask; take ransom and yield her,

Rev'rencing His great name, son of Zeus, far-darting Apollo."

Then from the host of Achaians arose tumultuous answer:

"Due to the priest is his honour; accept rich ransom and yield her."

But there was war in the spirit of Atreus' son, Agamemnon;

Disdainful he dismissed him, a right stern fiat appending:—

"Woe be to thee, old man, if I find thee lingering longer,

Yea or returning again, by the hollow ships of Achaians!

Scarce much then will avail thee the great god's sceptre and emblem.

Her will I never release. Old age must first come
upon her,
In my own home, yea in Argos, afar from the land
of her fathers,
Following the loom, and attending upon my bed.
But avaunt thee!
Go, and provoke not me, that thy way may be haply
securer."
These were the words of the king, and the old
man feared and obeyed him:
Voiceless he went by the shore of the great dull-
echoing ocean,
Thither he gat him apart, that ancient man; and
a long prayer
Prayed to Apollo his Lord, son of golden-ringleted
Leto:
"Lord of the silver bow, thou whose arm girds
Chryse and Cilla,—
Cilla beloved of the Gods,—and in might sways
Tenedos, hearken!

Oh! if, in days gone by, I have built from floor
unto cornice,
Smintheus, a fair shrine for thee; or burned in the
flames of the altar
Fat flesh of bulls and of goats; then do this thing
that I ask thee:
Hurl on the Greeks thy shafts, that thy servant's
tears be avengèd!"
So did he pray, and his prayer reached the ears
of Phœbus Apollo.
Dark was the soul of the god as he moved from the
heights of Olympus,
Shouldering a bow, and a quiver on this side fast
and on that side.
Onward in anger he moved. And the arrows,
stirred by the motion,
Rattled and rang on his shoulder: he came as
cometh the midnight.

Hard by the ships he stayed him, and loosed one shaft from the bow-string;
Harshly the stretched string twanged of the bow all silvery-shining.
First fell his wrath on the mules, and the swift-footed hound of the herdsman;
Afterward smote he the host. With a rankling arrow he smote them
Aye; and the morn and the even were red with the glare of the corpse-fires.

Nine days over the host sped the shafts of the god: and the tenth day
Dawned; and Achilles said, "Be a council called of the people."
(Such thought came to his mind from the goddess, Hera the white-armed,
Hera who loved those Greeks, and who saw them dying around her.)

So when all were collected and ranged in a solemn assembly,

Straightway rose up amidst them and spake swift-footed Achilles:—

"Atreus' son! it were better, I think this day, that we wandered

Back, re-seeking our homes, (if a warfare *may* be avoided);

Now when the sword and the plague, these two things, fight with Achaians.

Come, let us seek out now some priest, some seer amongst us,

Yea or a dreamer of dreams—for a dream too cometh of God's hand—

Whence we may learn what hath angered in this wise Phœbus Apollo.

Whether mayhap he reprove us of prayer or of oxen unoffered;

Whether, accepting the incense of lambs and of
blemishless he-goats,
Yet it be his high will to remove this misery from
us."
Down sat the prince: he had spoken. And
uprose to them in answer
Kalchas Thestor's son, high chief of the host of
the augurs.
Well he knew what is present, what will be, and
what was aforetime:
He into Ilion's harbour had led those ships of
Achaia,
All by the power of the Art, which he gained from
Phœbus Apollo.
Thus then, kindliest-hearted, arising spake he before
them:
"Peleus' son! Thou demandest, a man heaven-
favour'd, an answer

Touching the Great King's wrath, the afar-off-aiming Apollo:

Therefore I lift up my voice. Swear thou to me, duly digesting

All,—that with right good will, by word and by deed, thou wilt aid me.

Surely the ire will awaken of one who mightily ruleth

Over the Argives all: and upon him wait the Achaians.

Aye is the battle the king's, when the poor man kindleth his anger:

For, if but this one day he devour his indignation,

Still on the morrow abideth a rage, that its end be accomplished,

Deep in the soul of the king. So bethink thee, wilt thou deliver."

Then unto him making answer arose swift-footed Achilles:

"Fearing naught, up and open the god's will, all that is told thee:

For by Apollo's self, heaven's favourite, whom thou, Kalchas,

Serving aright, to the armies aloud God's oracles op'nest:

None—while as yet I breathe upon earth, yet walk in the daylight—

Shall, at the hollow ships, lift hand of oppression against thee,

None out of all your host—not and if thou nam'st Agamemnon,

Who now sits in his glory, the topmost flower of the armies."

Then did the blameless prophet at last take courage and answer:

"Lo! He doth not reprove us of prayer or of oxen unoffered;

But for his servant's sake, the disdained of king
Agamemnon,
(In that he loosed not his daughter, inclined not
his ear to a ransom,)
Therefore the Far-darter sendeth, and yet shall send
on us, evil.
Nor shall he stay from the slaughter the hand that
is heavy upon you,
Till to her own dear father the bright-eyed maiden
is yielded,
No price asked, no ransom; and ships bear hallowèd
oxen
Chryse-wards:—then, it may be, will he shew
mercy and hear us."
These words said, sat he down. Then rose in
his place and addressed them
Atreus' warrior son, Agamemnon king of the
nations,

Sore grieved. Fury was working in each dark cell
of his bosom,
And in his eye was a glare as a burning fiery
furnace:
First to the priest he addressed him, his whole
mien boding a mischief.
"Priest of ill luck! Never heard I of aught
good from thee, but evil.
Still doth the evil thing unto thee seem sweeter
of utt'rance;
Leaving the thing which is good all unspoke, all
unaccomplished.
Lo! this day to the people thou say'st, God's oracles
op'ning,
What, but that *I* am the cause why the god's hand
worketh against them,
For that in sooth I rejected a ransom, ay and a
rich one,

Brought for the girl Briseis. I did. For I chose
to possess her,
Rather, at home: less favour hath Clytemnestra
before me,
Clytemnestra my wife: unto her Briseis is equal,
Equal in form and in stature, in mind and in
womanly wisdom.
Still, even thus, am I ready to yield her, so it be
better:
Better is saving alive, I hold, than slaying a
nation.
Meanwhile deck me a guerdon in her stead, lest
of Achaians
I should alone lack honour; an unmeet thing and
a shameful.
See all men, that my guerdon, I wot not whither
it goeth."

Then unto him made answer the swift-foot
chieftain Achilles:

"O most vaunting of men, most gain-loving, offspring of Atreus!
How shall the lords of Achaia bestow fresh guerdon upon thee?
Surely we know not yet of a treasure piled in abundance!
That which the sacking of cities hath brought to us, all hath an owner,
Yea it were all unfit that the host make redistribution.
Yield thou the maid to the god. So threefold surely and fourfold
All we Greeks will requite thee, should that day dawn, when the great gods
Grant that of yon proud walls not one stone rest on another."

* * * * *

"COME LIVE WITH ME."

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, or hill or field,
Or woods or steepy mountains yield.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies:
A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we'll pull.

"ET NOS CEDAMUS AMORI."

TRANSFER amantis amans laribus te, Delia, nostris;
Ruris ut innumeras experiamur opes:
Quot vallis, juga, saltus, ager, quot amœna ministrat
Mons gravis ascensu, suppositumve nemus.

Scilicet acclines scopulo spectare juvarit
Ducat uti pastum Thyrsis herile pecus,
Ad vada rivorum; queis adsilientibus infra,
Concordes avibus suave loquantur aves.

Ipse rosas, queis fulta cubes caput, ipse recentum
Quidquid alant florum pascua mille, feram:
Pro læna tibi vellus erit, neque tenuior usquam,
Me socio teneras quo spoliaris oves.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Come live with me and be my love.

MARLOW.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complain of cares to come.

But could youth last and love still breed,
Had joys no date nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

RALEIGH.

Cantabunt salientque tibi pastoria pubes,
Maia novum quoties jusserit ire diem:
Quæ si forte tibi sint oblectamina cordi,
Te laribus nostris transfer, amantis amans.

Finge nec huic mundo nec amoribus esse senectam·
Pastorumque labris usque subesse fidem:
His ducta illecebris (est his sua namque venustas)
Deliciæ forsan dicerer usque tuæ.

Sed pecus it tandem campis in ovile relictis;
Sævit ubi fluvius, saxaque frigus habet;
Cessat ubi Philomela loqui; stantque agmina ramis
Cetera, curarum questa quod instat onus.

Fac semper subolescat amor superetque juventus;
Gaudia fac careant fine, senecta malis;
Atque ego—quam perhibes dulcedine subdita pectus—
Deliciæ tempus dicar in omne tuæ.

"POOR TREE."

POOR tree; a gentle mistress placed thee here,
To be the glory of the glade around.
Thy life has not survived one fleeting year,
And she too sleeps beneath another mound.

But mark what differing terms your fates allow,
Though like the period of your swift decay:
Thine are the sapless root and wither'd bough;
Hers the green memory and immortal day.

CARLISLE.

FLEBILIS ARBOR.

TE dominæ pia cura solo, miseranda, locarat
Patentis, arbor, ut fores agri decus.
At mansit tua vita brevem non amplius annum;
At ipsa dormit extero sub aggere.
Quam diversa tamen sors est (adverte) duarum!
Fugax utramque vexit hora; sed tibi,
Arbor, truncus iners, frons arida restat: at illi
Perenne lumen ac virens adhuc amor.

Idem aliter redditum.

Mollis huc hera quam tulit caducam
Ut saltus decus, arbor, emineres,
Anno non superas brevi peracto;
At cespes procul ambit arctus illam.
Pares funere (dispares eædem
Quanto discite) marcuistis ambæ.
Frons restat tibi passa, sicca radix;
Illi lux nova jugiter virenti.

*** *The five following translations were made for "Hymns Ancient and Modern, with some Metrical Translations," etc., published* 1867.

XLIV.—CHRISTMAS.

LANIGEROS, acclinis humo, pastoria pubes
Custodiebat dum greges;
Splendescente polo longe lateque, Jehovæ
Descendit ales nuncius.
Qui "Quid" ait "tremitis"—namque anxia pectora terror
Immanis occupaverat—
"Grata fero: magnum jubeo lætarier et vos
Et quicquid est mortalium.
Namque in Davidis urbe, satus quoque Davidis idem
E stirpe, jamjam nascitur
Vestra Salus, Dominus vester, cognomine Christus;
Signoque vobis hoc erit:

Invenietur ibi cælestis scilicet Infans,
Spectabiturque jam viris;
Fascia velarit meritum non talia corpus,
Condente præsepi caput."
Dixerat ales. Eo simul apparere videres
Dicente lucentem chorum
Arce profectorum supera; pæanaque lætum
His ordiebantur modis:
"Qui colit alta Deo summi tribuantur honores,
Virisque pax arrideat;
Protenus excipiat cæli indulgentia terras,
Haud dirimenda sæculis."

CXXX.—PENTECOST.

CÆLO profecti vis et ira nuntiæ
Fuere quondam Numinis:
Nimbos secantis pedibus; instar ignium
Hac parte, nigros altera.
At prodeunti vis amorque denuo
Ibant ministri; mollius
Sacer Palumbes dimovebat aera
Quam mane primo flamina.
Quot occuparant impetu flammæ fero
Arcem Sinai, suaviter
Tot consecratum nunc in omne defluunt
Caput, corona nobilis.
Ac vox uti prægrandis arrectas metu,
Ut clangor aures perculit,
(Cælestium quo cœtus audito tremunt,)
E nocte trepidans nubium;

Sic prodeunte Spiritu Dei suos,
Ut pastor, inventum greges,
Late sonabat vox, profecta cælitus,
Tumultuosi turbinis.

Templum Jehovæ quâ, scatetque criminum
Fecundus orbis undique;
In pervicaci scilicet demum sinu
Desideratura locum.

Huc, Numen adsis! Vis, Amor, Prudentia,
Adsis ut aures audiant;
Bene ominatum quisque captet ut diem
Amore suspes an metu.

CXXXIX.

QUI pretium nostræ vitam dedit, ante 'Supremum
Valete' quam vix edidit,
Solamenque Ducemque viris legarat eundem,
Quo contubernales forent.
Venit at Ille suæ partem dulcedinis ultro
Ut hospes efflaret bonus,
Nactus ubi semel esset, amat qua sede morari,
Casti latebras pectoris.
Hinc illæ auditæ voces, qualemque susurrum
Nascente captes Vespero;
Quo posuere metus, patitur quo frena libido,
Spirare viso cælitus.
Ac virtutis inest si quid tibi, si quid honorum
Claro triumphis contigit;
Venerit in mentem si quid divinius unquam;
Hæc muneris sunt Illius.

At candens, at mite veni nunc, Numen, opemque
Nostræ fer impotentiæ;
Cor nunc omne domus pateat tua; feceris omne
Cor incola te dignius.
Vosque Patrem, Natum vos tollite; neve recuses
Tu sancte laudem Spiritus:
Dignus enim tolli, Tria qui Deus audit in Uno,
Unumve malit in Tribus.

CXCVII.

AUXILIUM quondam, nunc spes, Deus, unica nostri;
Flaute noto portus, præteritoque domus:
Gens habitat secura tuæ tua sedis in umbra;
Simus ut incolumes efficit una manus.
Terræ olim neque forma fuit neque collibus ordo:
Tu, quot eunt anni, numen es unus idem.
Sæcla vides abiisse, fugax ut vesper; ut actis
Quæ tenebris reducem prorogat hora diem.
*Stant populi, ceu mane novo juga florea, quorum
Marcidus ad noctem falce jacebit honos:
*Tu "suboles terrena, redi" nec plura locuto,
Quippe satæ gentes pulvere pulvis erunt.
Quos genuit, secum rotat usque volubilis ætas;
Ut sopor in cassum, luce solutus, eunt.

Tu quondam auxilium, spes nunc, Deus, ultima nostri,

Sis columen trepidis, emeritisque domus.

* Two stanzas are translated here which do not appear in the received editions of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. They are quoted as part of this hymn by Miss Brontë in *Shirley*, and run as follows:

"Thy word commands our flesh to dust—
'Return, ye sons of men;'
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

"Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Fresh in the morning light;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 'tis night!"

Possibly Miss Brontë quoted from memory, and the true version of the first stanza may be—

All nations rose from earth, and must
Return to earth again.

CCXX.

QUO chaos ac tenebræ quondâm fugere locuto,
Supplicis, Omnipotens, accipe vota chori:
Quaque jubar nondum micuit quod sole, quod astris
Clarius est, dicas "Exoriare dies!"
Qui dignatus eras descendere more sequestri
Alitis ad terram, luxque salusque virûm;
Ægro mente salus, lux interioris egeno
Luminis: at toto jam sit in orbe dies!
Unde fides, amor unde venit; qui Spiritus audis;
Carpe, dator vitæ, sancte Palumbes, iter:
Incubet ætherios spargens tua forma nitores
Fluctubus, ut terræ lustret opaca dies!
Quique, Triplex, splendes tamen integer; ipse vicissim
Robur, Amor, Virtus; usque beate Deus:
Quale superbit aquis indignaturque teneri
Fine carens pelagus, crescat ubique dies!

CCXLII.—DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

VERBUM superni Numinis
Qui cuncta comples, hanc domum
Amore certo consecres
Et feriatis annuas.
E fonte pueros hoc fluit
In criminosos gratia;
Beata cogit unctio
Nitere nuper sordidos.
Hic Christus animis dat cibo
Corpus suum fidelibus;
Cælestis agnus proprii
Fert ipse calycem sanguinis.
Hinc venia mœstis ac salus
Reis emenda; dum favet
Judex, et ingens gratia
Scelere sepultos integrat.

Hic, regnat alte qui Deus,
Benignus habitat; hic pium
Pectus gubernat atria
Desiderantum cælica
In dedicatam trux domum.
Procella nequidquam furit;
Atrox eo vis Tartari
Passura fertur dedecus.

At robur, at laus tibi, Pater,
Sit comparique Filio;
Diique amoris vinculo,
Dum sæcla currunt, Flamini.

Printed from Stereotype Plates by CHARLES WHITTINGHAM AND CO.,
Tooks Court, Chancery Lane, London.

By the same Author.

SIXTH EDITION, *Price 5s.*

VERSES AND TRANSLATIONS.

"They bear the impress of Cambridge on almost every page .... Comic recollections of childhood, much in the vein of the older Hood, acrostics, parodies, charades, odes to tobacco and imitations of M. Tupper, Latin verse of no common merit, and really skilful translations from the Classics are found in this lively volume."—GUARDIAN.

"We were surprised by the little book into laughter, and charmed by its whimsical grace or grotesque suggestions now and then running into lines hardly surpassed in their way since the days of Thomas Hood."—EXAMINER.

"A little volume full of exceeding great promise ... C. S. C. possesses many of the highest attributes of a versifier .... It needs no gift of second sight to foretel that C. S. C. will again be heard of."—SPECTATOR.

SIXTH THOUSAND, *Price 3s. 6d.*

FLY LEAVES.

"One who can write so well himself is in no danger of being thought to hold great poets in too light esteem; so we laugh with him, and do not feel that sense of irreverence, coupled with a suspicion of bad taste, which the ordinary parodist produces."—ATHENÆUM.

"It would not be easy certainly to name any one who has a greater skill in versification who can write with more melodious smoothness, or who seems more perfectly at ease in the matter of rhyme."—SPECTATOR.

"The author of 'Fly Leaves' is a poet after Praed's own heart. He is so like Praed in style that we could almost fancy ourselves to be reading the latter."—BIRMINGHAM DAILY MAIL.

"This is a witty pleasant little volume that would do no dishonour to Horace Smith or Mackworth Praed. Even in 'Rejected Addresses,' hitherto unrivalled in the realm of parody, there is scarcely a better imitation than the description of a travelling tinker after the manner of Tennyson."—INVERNESS COURIER.

"It strikes us it is long since a book containing so much genuine fun, pure parody, and good natured satire has been given to the public."—CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

"C. S. C., to whom we are indebted for a lively volume of verse, and who is favourably known to critics as the author of 'Verses and Translations,' possesses to a certain degree the facility of Praed. .... There is a freshness and vivacity in this little volume which makes it a very acceptable one."—MORNING POST.

"'Fly Leaves' form a not unworthy companion to the 'Verses and Translations' which have furnished us, and, no doubt, many of our readers, so much food for laughter."—JOHN BULL.

FLY LEAVES—continued.

"Those who remember 'Verses and Translations,' which we are glad to see has reached a fourth edition, will welcome the appearance of the present volume There is the playful humour and genial fun, and the art is, if possible, more perfect."—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

"What to do critically with the 'Fly Leaves' of C.S.C. we really do not know Mr. Calverley is clever enough for the society of the nine muses and all their devotees; but then he rejoices in parody, has a hearty laugh at the expense of sentiment, and, instead of treating contemporary genius with due respect, gives it a familiar nudge, and encourages the Poet Laureate to laugh at Mr. Browning, and the author of 'The Cock and the Bull' (we beg pardon for being misled by bad example—it should be 'The Ring and the Book') to laugh at Mr. Tennyson. On the whole, C. S. C. is safest in a paragraph by himself."—GUARDIAN.

Price 7s. 6d.

TRANSLATIONS INTO ENGLISH AND LATIN.

"Mr. Calverley is well known as one of the most skilful composers of his University; and what he has published here will bear comparison with most, if not all, of the feats of Latin composition which have been achieved of late years by English scholars."—ATHENÆUM.

"This is a charming volume which deserves the attention of all scholars."—SPECTATOR.

"He is scholarlike, accurate, suggestive; but rarest gift of all, he is never dull. His versions of Virgil's Eclogues, and of the two first books of the Iliad, are of quite remarkable excellence—so literal, yet so full of movement and in dividual characters."—GUARDIAN

Price 7s. 6d.

THEOCRITUS TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

"His playfulness, his control of language, his accurate scholarship, and his keen sense of effective points, are very conspicuous in his Translation of Theocritus."—GUARDIAN.

"As we turn over his pages we meet at odd corners little features and touches that remind us of his earlier Poems and Translations, and recognize sparkles of the same happy humour and perception which at once gave him a rank above mere translators. . . . We felicitate the reading public upon having gained a new version of him by a ripe scholar and a poet of a curiously congenial taste for scenery and word painting."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

"As good a thing in translation as we have seen for a long time."—SPECTATOR.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A 000 560 812 0